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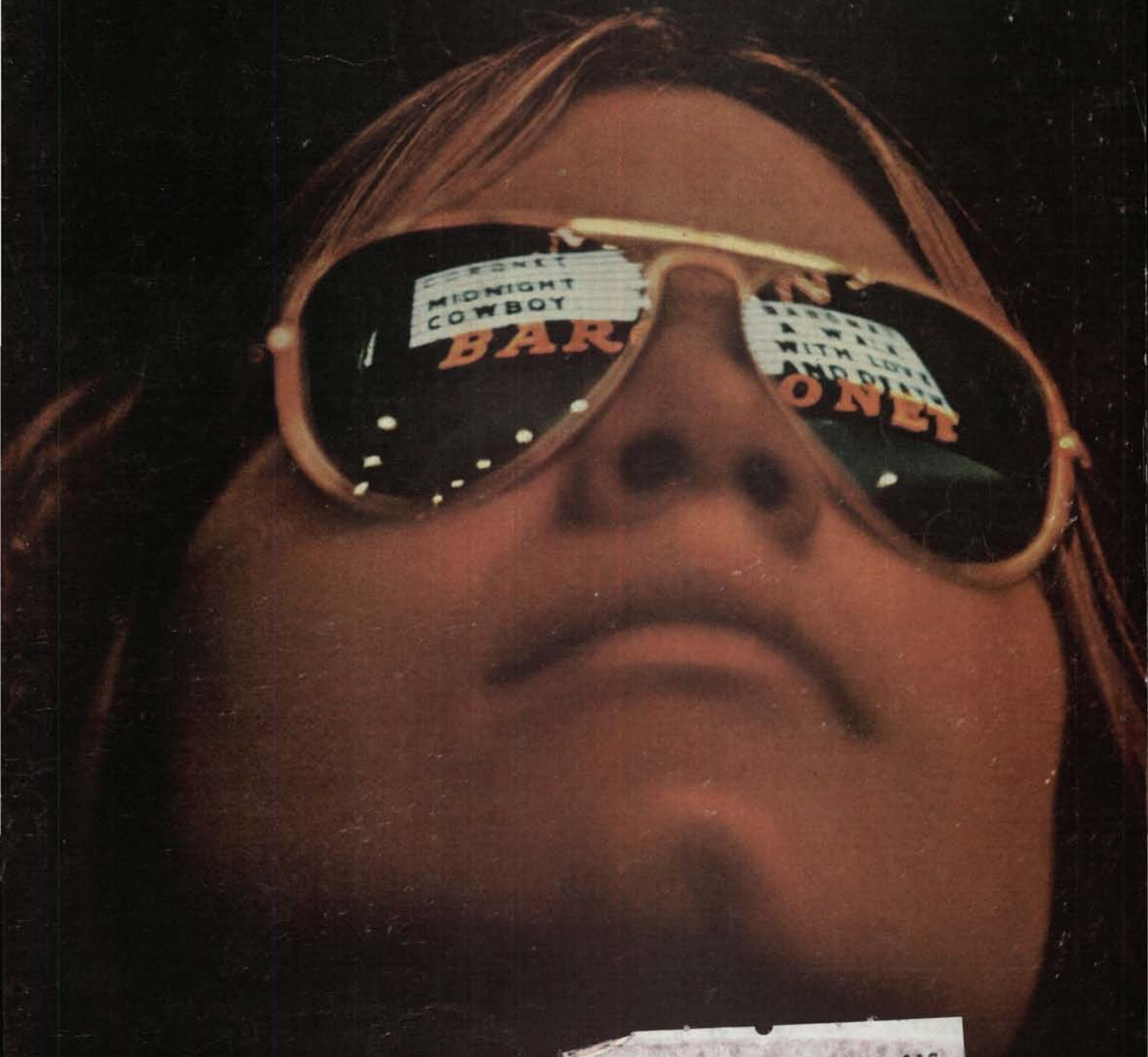
Saturday Review

DECEMBER 27, 1969 • 50¢

The Art That Matters

A look at today's film scene by the under-thirties.



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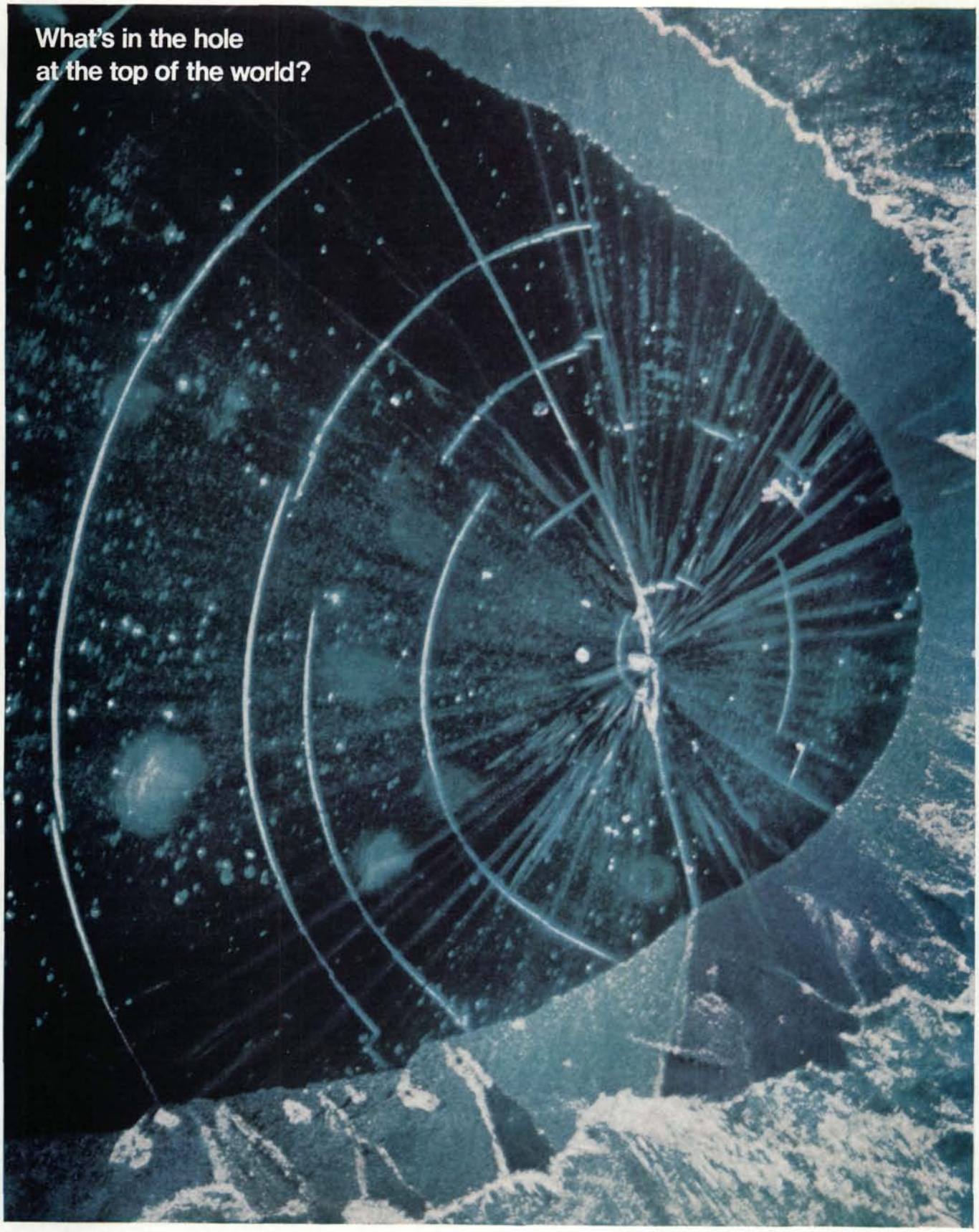

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December 27, 1969

Saturday Review

Cover story, page 7

The Art That Matters

A look at today's film scene by the under-thirties

Cover: Bob Cato

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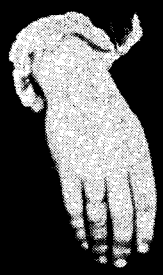
The Hamlet of our time... For our time.



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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Taylor-Made Movie

I'M WORRIED about Elizabeth Taylor.

Richard Burton bought her a sixty-nine-carat diamond ring from some jeweler here in New York, who put it on display for a week as a lesson to some husbands who are less sentimental about their wives.

According to an item in Leonard Lyons's column, Mr. Burton finally delivered the ring to her in England, attended by six guards. When Elizabeth opened the package, Mr. Lyons reports, she spoke the now historical words, "Gee whiz, fellows!" Which, translated, is equivalent to "A giant step forward for all mankind." Especially Richard Burton.

You probably can't visualize a sixty-nine-carat diamond. It may help if you bear in mind that one carat is equal to 3.17 grains troy. You'll have to multiply that by sixty-nine yourself. I can tell you the price of the ring was $1,800,000. And that's why I'm worried about Elizabeth.

This ring that Woolworth doesn't sell, baby, is an open invitation to a stick-up. And England, as we all know from reading the Sherlock Holmes stories, has some of the greatest mastermind jewel thieves in the world. Except Peter Sellers, who is all thumbs and glasses, and bungles everything.

Because of all the publicity given Elizabeth's ring, one fine, foggy day in Londontown, the ring will be stolen and Elizabeth will have to report it to her insurance agents. The correspondence that will ensue will be one for the books:

"Dear Platt, Tomlin, and Butler: Gee whiz, fellows, my sixty-nine-carat diamond ring has been stolen by some mastermind jewel thief. Please remit the full amount by return mail. Elizabeth Taylor."

"Dear Miss Taylor: We have your letter concerning your 6.9-carat diamond ring, which you claim was stolen by some mastermind jewel thief. Please fill out the enclosed form so our adjuster can authorize the payment of $180,000. Horatio Platt."

"Dear Mr. Platt: You are in error. The ring was sixty-nine carats. It was not—I repeat *not*—6.9 carats. It was not—I repeat *not*—$180,000. It's $1,800,000. I return the form properly corrected. Please remit. Elizabeth Taylor."

"Dear Miss Taylor: Your letter has been referred to me, Xavier Tomlin, as our Mr. Platt has gone off on holiday, from which we all hope he will soon recover. I am returning your corrected form along with another form for you to fill out, as we all know that there is no such thing as a sixty-nine-carat diamond ring, don't we? Xavier Tomlin."

"Dear Mr. Tomlin: I had all I could do to restrain my husband from coming to your office and challenging you for thinking he would give me a measly 6.9-carat diamond ring. If you saw him in *Camelot,* you know he's not a man to be taken lightly. And neither am I. You must know my temper, especially if you saw *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Please remit at once. Virginia Woolf Taylor."

"Dear Miss Taylor: I did indeed see you in the motion picture *Virginia Woolf.* I became a devoted fan after viewing your beauty and your art form. And speaking of forms, will you please fill out the *6.9*-form and send it to me, along with an autographed photograph? Xavier."

"Dear Xavier: You're putting me on, aren't you, darling? I'm beginning to feel as if I've been cast in an unbelievably bad jewel robbery movie that has no ending. If you don't send me a certified check for $1,800,000 in the next mail, Xavier darling, I'll come down there personally and hand you my autographed photograph through the bars of your prison cell, where you belong, you thieves. Elizabeth Taylor."

"Dear Miss Taylor: Your letter to our Mr. Tomlin was handed to me before he left for Mexico. I am Sir Harold Butler, senior officer. You guessed it when you said you seem to be in a bad jewel robbery movie.

"I confess that it was I who took the ring, that day we went to your vault to examine it. Which, indeed, makes it a bad movie—the Butler took it. (A little humor there.) But my motive was the highest—to show that you will become an easy prey to any mastermind jewel thief. Except Peter Sellers. I will return the ring to you personally, and, of course, we intend to cancel your policy. I trust you will keep it in your vault. Wearing a ring weighing sixty-nine carats must perforce tend to make you stoop. And in this position you could lose everything. Sir Harold Butler."

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☐ *South Pacific,* ☐ *Orient, and*
☐ *South America.*

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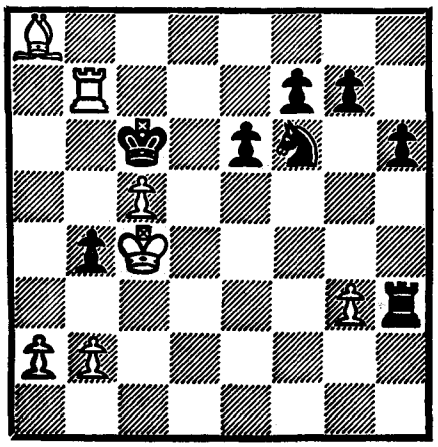
Chess Corner No. 145

A point is a point and a goose egg a zero, no matter how earned or charged, according to the chess "pro." While he prefers the sparkling brilliancy or the creditable positional performance for victory, he sheds no bitter tears over his opponent's "blunderful" *fingerfehlers* or *amaurosis scacchistica* (chess blindness).

In a running diatribe with a self-appointed critic, grandmaster Marco once intimated that an over-the-board error is pardonable, but a lapse in a note unforgivable. And he took the critic to task for stating, "I do not understand the purpose of the move." "For the critic's edification, I will explain." And he did.

In the ensuing play from *My Sixty Memorable Games* by U.S. paladin Bobby Fischer, the American ace imagines his win over the former world champion, the Soviet's Tigran Petrosian, a matter of luck, not force. But with 22 QxNP, White racks up the point, thus: 22 . . . K-K2 23 PxP, Q-B3 24 B-N6, QR-B1 25 KR-K1, KR-N1 26 R-Q6, with an invincible bind.

Fischer White	Petrosian Black	Fischer White	Petrosian Black
1 P-K4	P-QB3	19 P-QB4	N-B3
2 P-Q4	P-Q4	20 Q-K5	P-B4
3 N-QB3	PxP	21 Q-N5	P-R3
4 NxP	N-Q2	22 QxBP	QxQ
5 N-KB3	KN-B3	23 PxQ	K-K2
6 NxNch	NxN	24 P-B6	R-Q3
7 B-QB4	B-B4	25 KR-K1	RxP
8 Q-K2	P-K3	26 R-K5	R-R1
9 B-KN5	B-N5	27 B-K4	R-Q3
10 O-O-O	B-K2	28 BxR	RxRch
11 P-KR3	BxN	29 K-B2	R-B8
12 QxB	N-Q4	30 RxP	RxPch
13 BxB	QxB	31 K-N3	R-R7
14 K-N1	R-Q1	32 P-B5	K-Q1
15 Q-K4	P-QN4	33 R-N5	RxP
16 B-Q3	P-QR4	34 R-N8ch	K-B2
17 P-QB3	Q-Q3	35 R-N7ch	K-B3
18 P-KN3	P-N5	36 K-B4	Resigns



—Al Horowitz.

TONIGHT ★ TONIGHT ★ TONIGHT
"Hollywood: The Selznick Years"

Starring
Jean Harlow ★ Henry Fonda
Tallulah Bankhead
Joseph Cotten ★ Dorothy McGuire
Wallace Beery
Katharine Hepburn ★ Rock Hudson
Vivien Leigh ★ Joan Fontaine
Ingrid Bergman ★ John Barrymore
Greta Garbo ★ Gregory Peck ★ W.C. Fields
Clark Gable ★ Fred Astaire
Carole Lombard ★ Ronald Colman
Leslie Howard ★ Laurence Olivier
Jennifer Jones ★ Lionel Barrymore
Fredric March ★ Janet Gaynor
Alfred Hitchcock ★ Marie Dressler
King Kong

Sunday ★ NBC-TV In Color
6:30 P.M. E.S.T.

SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL FROM THE BELL SYSTEM

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

A correspondent named E. J. Baltrusaitis was recently on his way to the physics department of Northwestern University, where his daughter is a third-year physics student, when he noted, on the sidewalk in front of the main library, the following:

LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED
—SHARON.

Underneath was written:

SEX IS ALL YOU GET

The lower line, Mr. Baltrusaitis noted, appeared to be in a different style of printing than the statement "Sharon." "As a concerned parent with four children," he added, "I decided as I pondered this graffito that, if the upcoming generation is idealistic enough for the upper statement and wise enough for the lower, the future is in good hands."

Meanwhile, out in Albuquerque, New Mexico, Madge Harrah recalled our column of some weeks ago that noted the cross reference in the library card file that read: "Sex. See librarian." Mrs. Harrah and her husband recently had occasion to look up "Sex" in the 1938 *World Book Encyclopedia.* They too found a cross reference to the main entry: "Sex. See Mental Conflict."

As if this weren't enough, an anonymous scout sent us, from Champagne-Urbana, Illinois, an entry from Don Ruhter's "Campus Scout" column in *The Daily Illini*:

> For those Champagne-Urbana jet-setters who are getting tired of the endless rounds of parties which make up the social whirl here, Scout has a suggestion. One of my advisers has told me about the starring attraction at the Crossroads in Forrest, Ill.
>
> The sign says, "Every Monday and Tuesday, come over and see Ruth Crouch at the piano."

"We haven't figured out yet," Mr. Ruhter writes, "if Crouch is Ruth's last name, or if they haven't found a piano bench for her yet."

In any case, our Letter of the Week was actually an exchange of letters between New York's Ira Wallach and the Aqua Tec Corporation, makers of the Water Pik toothbrush:

Aqua Tec Corp.
Ft. Collins, Colo.
Re: Wounded Water Pik
Dear Water Pixies:

I have a Water Pik, Model 33B, Serial Number G509. When I put water in the inverted cover, it pours right through the spout and onto my feet. I now have clean feet, but my teeth are dirty.

Can you mail me a new top to the Pik and bill me, or can you suggest something more complicated?

I must have my Water Pik in good order so that my breath will be kissing sweet once more.

IRA WALLACH

P.S. Is Fort Collins near anything?

Dear Mr. Wallach:

Thank you for writing to us regarding your WATER PIK oral hygiene appliance.

We are sorry to learn of your valve having been lost. Under separate cover, we are sending you a new valve and strainer at no charge.

If you should require additional parts in the future, they may be obtained from the nearest Central Service Station, shown on the enclosed list.

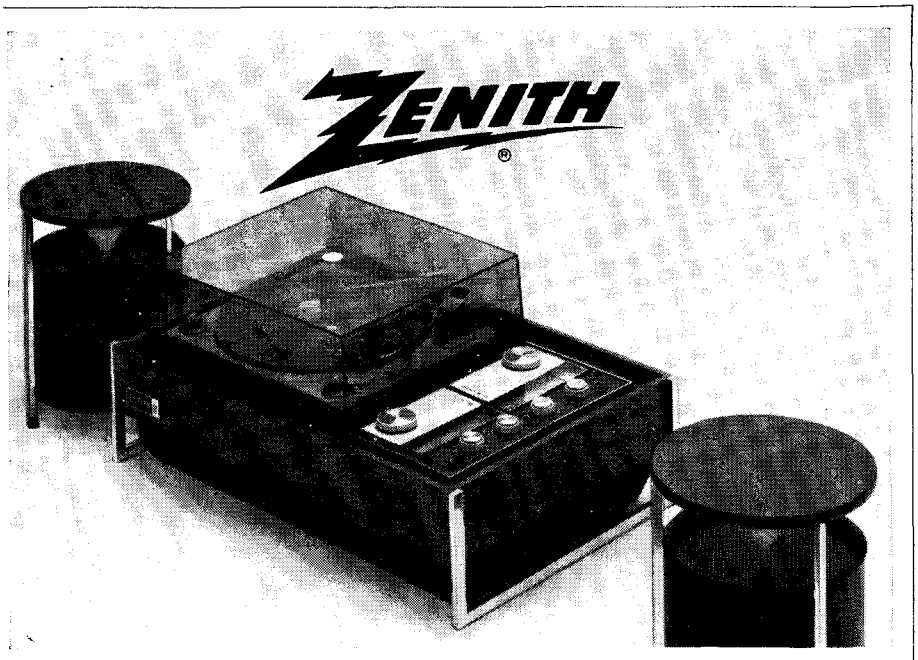
VIRGINIA ARNOLD
Customer Service Dept.

P.S. Fort Collins is 59 miles north of Denver, the capital of Colorado.

During the fortnight we met another McCarthy—and one you should know, at least about. He is Richard D. McCarthy, a young Turk Democrat from Buffalo, and he is the man who for many a long, lonely month has been conducting at times an almost one-man war, for all mankind, against chemical and biological warfare. "Max," as he is called, came to the war against CBW with the credentials of being a foe of pollution ("I come, after all, from the shores of Lake Erie"), of having seen duty in two services (the Navy in World War II, and the Army in Korea), and also a man who had braved the gunfire of the National Rifle Association ("Sportsmen," the NRA campaigned with bumper stickers against him, "Give Max the Ax").

"My wife and I," he told us, "were sitting watching a program called *First Tuesday.* It was about CBW. 'You're a Congressman,' my wife said. 'What do you know about this?' 'Nothing,' I answered."

"The next day," Congressman McCarthy said, "I was still boiling. I made a speech on the floor calling for a briefing—but I soon discovered that the Pentagon insisted it be conducted in a totally secret context.



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"I had already learned," he continued, "that only five members of the House Appropriations Committee are cleared for 'top secret'—in other words, for funding the CIA, the Green Berets, and CBW. I had also learned that even Majority Leader Carl Albert did not know the identities of these five men, and I have since learned that neither does the Speaker of the House."

"After all," I asked, "how can you say a weapons system is a deterrent if you don't even publicly tell a potential adversary that you've got it?"

"At the briefing," McCarthy went on, "Brigadier General James A. Hebbeler would not even admit that the nerve gas killed the sheep. Instead he used the briefing to campaign for more funds."

McCarthy's next snow job came during a White House reception at the hands of none other than Melvin Laird, the Secretary of Defense himself. "Well, Max," he boomed cheerfully, "you sure stirred up a storm over chemical warfare." "I told the Secretary," he said quietly, "that I was not at all satisfied with the Army's performance and that I was addressing a series of questions about CBW to him, and that I wanted answers."

Finally, McCarthy took a hotel room in Georgetown and sat down and wrote a book. This book, *The Ultimate Folly*, was published the day after President Nixon made his speech on germ warfare. But advance copies of the book had been in the White House for at least two weeks.

The Congressman warned us that though a battle against CBW has been won the war is far from over—that reports from Vietnam indicated that babies born to mothers living in defoliated areas were malformed. Even before this, he told us, tests revealed that litters born to female rats that had been subjected to 2,4,5-T, one of the herbicides the United States has been using in Vietnam, were malformed.

"At that time," the Congressman told us quietly, "Lee DuBridge, the President's science adviser, said that the United States would no longer use 2,4,5-T—in the U.S."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1863)

A. (LEXANDER) WINSTON:
NO MAN KNOWS MY GRAVE

Freebooting in one form or another was a disease from which few recovered. The sea robber gladly risked ending his days by what he jocosely called "hempen fever" rather than die more slowly in the dull monotony and stifling authority of a law-abiding ship.

A director of clinical medicine at a major pharmaceutical company makes decisions that can be important to you and your family. And he wonders what you would do if you were making the decisions.

"If a drug could restore your health would you accept the risk of side effects?"

On occasion, I've read in newspapers and popular magazines about side effects of drugs. They imply that they are there because of something I or the people I work with have done. Or have not done. The truth is that every potent drug can cause side effects. If it didn't have any at all, it couldn't possibly do any good. The question is one of benefits versus potential risks.

Twenty-five years ago we didn't hear much about the adverse effects of drugs, but we didn't have many effective ones at that time. With the advent of more potent and useful products, undesirable side effects sometimes become a problem. This will be true in the future,too. New cancer agents, antibiotics and drugs for hypertension, for example, will probably be even more potent. Many anti-cancer agents owe their activity to their effect on cells. Which means a balance must be drawn between the good work done by a drug and its unwanted effects.

Physicians often can affect this balance by adjusting the dosage, or by selecting a different form of an existing drug product potent enough to do the job. But that doesn't stop us from looking for improvements. Perhaps what we are learning about modifying molecular structures will help us to control side effects. We've already had some success. We expect to have more.

In the meantime, the physician needs the widest possible latitude in the choice of therapeutic agents to treat his patients. The pharmaceutical industry will continue to provide him with useful data—reliable and current information on favorable and adverse effects of drug products. Guided by this type of full disclosure, the most logical decision can then be made on whether the benefits outweigh the risks.

Another point of view . . .
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association,
1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

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8:30 p.m., Nairobi.

In Kenya, forty-five languages are spoken.
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It takes more than experience to create this kind of excellence in an instrument. It requires, in addition, a monumental instinct for perfection, a great deal of pride, a determination to build to a standard not to a price.
Which also seems to be a language almost everybody understands. For more information write to John H. Steinway, Steinway Hall, 109 W. 57th St., N.Y. 10019.

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Saturday Review
December 27, 1969

THE ART THAT MATTERS

A Look at Today's Film Scene by the Under-Thirties

■ Observe the lines queuing for tickets outside any movie theater in the world and you will see a predominantly youthful audience. It has been estimated that at least 70 per cent of current box-office revenue comes from young people between the ages of sixteen and twenty-nine. Film is the art form that speaks most urgently and persuasively to today's under-thirties, and as a result vast numbers of youth-oriented productions are spilling onto the screen.

Usually we learn about these films through the eyes of over-thirty critics. This special section gives the under-thirties a chance to be heard. We have turned the following pages over to four writers in their twenties—each of them an expert and articulate spokesman for his generation.

Larry Cohen, twenty-two, former film and fine arts editor of the University of Wisconsin student newspaper *The Daily Cardinal*, served as guest editor for the section. His opening article, "The New Audience: From Andy Hardy to Arlo Guthrie" (page 8), analyzes the treatment of "youth" both as an on- and off-screen commodity. Stephen Koch, twenty-seven, author of the novel *Night Watch*, explores the new relationship between printed word and visual image in "Fiction and Film: A Search for New Sources" (page 12). R. J. Monaco, twenty-nine, a poet currently at work on a screenplay for Warner Brothers, evaluates the burgeoning phenomenon of university film courses in "You're Only as Young as They Think You Are" (page 15). And Shari Steiner, twenty-eight, Rome-based correspondent for *Vanity Fair* and the *Herald Tribune* (Paris), compares the young film audience in Europe to that in America and finds the differences to be "A Question of Self-Image" (page 18).

Although these under-thirty writers differ considerably in the way they view specific productions, there is underlying agreement among them that film is the art that matters. —THE EDITORS.

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The New Audience: From Andy Hardy to Arlo Guthrie

by LARRY COHEN

According to the headline of an article that appeared late last May in *The New York Times*, buried with the film advertisements on page 36, "Young Writers Say They Don't Read." The five interviewed authors, all of whom were respectably under thirty, announced that they rarely if ever opened a book. "It's just easier to go to a movie and let it all wash over you," one of them said.

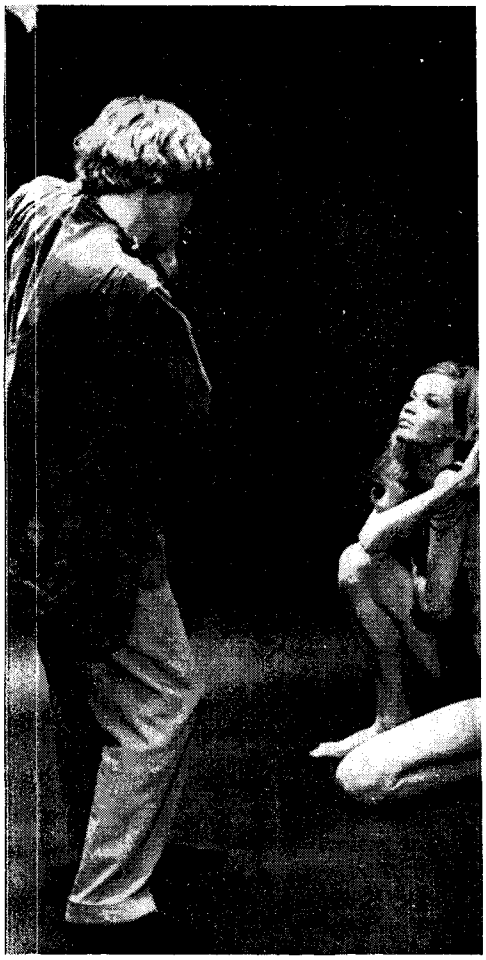
There were, of course, prominent exceptions to this impatient rule. Hermann Hesse and J. R. R. Tolkien both have large youthful followings. So does Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., who was singled out because "he writes cinematically." But most authors met a grimmer, much less cordial fate. Reading was regarded as an academic pastime, and most books were relegated to the level and enthusiasm of a chore. The article came to an abrupt close with one of those statements that must have chilled the warmest hardbound heart. One of the young writers, Sally Grimes, who had previously spent some time composing obituary notices for the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, committed her own cool piece of manslaughter by concluding: "I find I'm reading less and less. I really don't know why."

It occurs to me that the content of such a remark is less important than the tone with which it appears to have been said. Just think about what she's announcing. The death of literature? Hardly. The temporary disaffection of a substantial cross section of young writers (and young readers) with books? Maybe, despite the fact that the paperback market place is currently a veritable gold mine and new softcover publications such as *New American Review* and *US* have whopping, young readerships.

But listen to the statement rather than just its meaning. What resounds is something casual and half-shaded, something innocent and perhaps even unconscious. The remark sounds like an afterthought, as if the speaker was deaf to any echo. There is nothing guilty about such a confession, no sense that the Furies of Literature are about to swoop down upon her for heresy. It is the nonchalance that says everything, the pronouncement itself relatively little. For the mood to which Miss Grimes and the other young writers are subscribing may well be an accurate expression of a *new* sensibility, one which is defined in part by its very lack of guilt about not being well-read and, on the other hand, by its overtly positive enthusiasm about film. In its openness and bluntness, "I really don't know why" reflects 1969 and a large new audience.

These changes in emphasis are so recent that it's extremely difficult to pin down their source with any real exactitude. There are clues, however, and a quick personal flashback to four years ago, around the time I graduated from high school, brings to mind a different picture. The kids with whom I grew up were avid readers; some of them even lay awake late at night and sweated out plans for writing the Great American Novel. Vietnam and a pervasive drug scene were not substantial issues yet; like us, they were in their pubescent stages, and the day they would be taken for granted as realities seemed a long way off. Literature still had its grip on us and we on it. For, McLuhan and television notwithstanding, the primary frame of reference from which we derived our formal tastes and plans for the future was still verbal. Our own Great Expectations used writers like Ken Kesey, Thomas Pynchon, J. D. Salinger, and Nathanael West as models and sources of passionate discussion.

Significantly mitigating this classical orientation was a film course I took in my senior year with about thirty other kids. We spent the first part of a fall semester staring at supposedly familiar objects—a leaf or our thumb,



Michelangelo Antonioni's "Blow-Up" served as "a primer in technique."

for example—and discovered the hard way what Joseph Conrad meant when he argued that his purpose was to make us *see*. With our thumbs out of our mouths, we then began looking at films by Griffith, Chaplin, Eisenstein, and Welles. *Potemkin* and *Citizen Kane* served as textbooks; we dissected their sequences frame by frame and assimilated a new vocabulary, learning how a movie was put together and why it still worked decades later. While most of our friends were surrendering themselves to term papers on Milton or even to diagraming the perennial sentence, we were reading the late James Agee's movie criticism and screenplays, using Arthur Knight's *The Liveliest Art* to gain a historical context, and worrying about montage and nonlinear structures. In retrospect, we already were taking films personally and seriously.

By 1969, what has happened is simply this: the young audience for books has not so much shrunk as the young audience for motion pictures has appreciably grown and become more vocal. As a breed, the kids of the late Fifties and early Sixties—the ones who had avidly attended university creative writing courses or earnestly imagined themselves as editors for a New York publishing house—were now generally anachronistic. For that matter, almost no one I knew at col-

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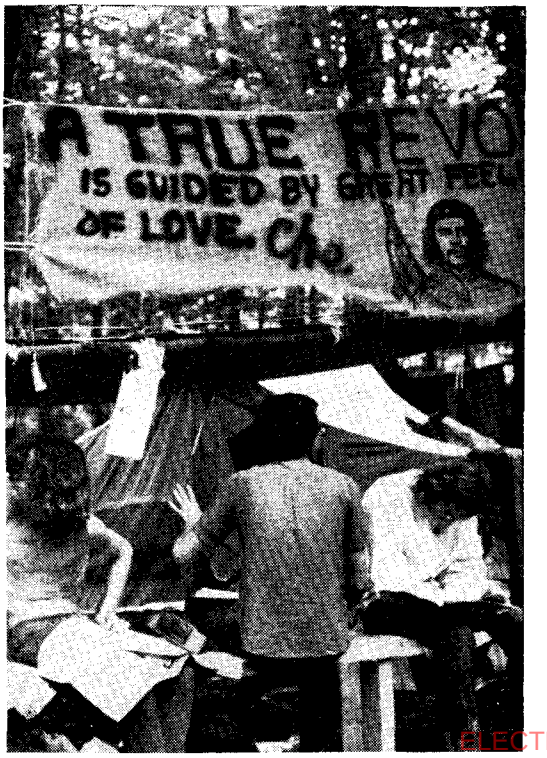
lege read anything beyond the required classroom texts. Students were now crowding and overfilling smoky lecture halls to see and "rap" about films—their theory and history—and in more than a few instances this new breed was also making 8 and 16 mm movies despite the cost of equipment.

One crucial difference between movies and the other arts was simple accessibility. Even in the cultural provinces of the Middle West, it was possible to see as many as a half-dozen films a week. (Francis Ford Coppola, the thirty-year-old director of *You're a Big Boy Now* and *The Rain People,* predicts that "movies will be sold like soup in the future," that "you'll be able to buy it in cartridges for $3 and play it as you would a record, at home.") In addition to sheer availability, films were answering the lusting college cry for "relevance," taking both their raw celluloid material and subject matters from today rather than the day before yesterday.

In this regard, *Blow-Up* functioned as the pivotal film; it radicalized the way in which many college students responded to film. More than three years after it first appeared, it remains a significant milestone in this country's awareness of motion pictures. Antonioni's tour of mod London was one of the first movies young people saw more than once. Its ambiguities, its mysteries, and its technological break-throughs brought them back to the theater again and again, converting them to the language of film. (Curiously and ironically, it even inspired some kids to become photographers.) Rather than just being one more foreign film, *Blow-Up* was a primer in technique.

Woodstock on film—a departure from the primitivism of its predecessors?



In the process of this shift of focus off the writer and onto the film-maker, the literary gods lost many of their aspiring novices to a medium that was itself in a state of relative infancy. There was and is, of course, a set of both happy and notorious exceptions. Nabokov's *Ada* and John Fowles's *The French Lieutenant's Woman*—works of genius in my opinion—would be quickly purchased in spite of their prohibitive costs in hardbound editions. Similarly, there would be large campus audiences for such national best sellers as *Portnoy's Complaint, Myra Breckinridge,* and *Couples.* The big money and larger audience, however, now belonged to film, and it is not surprising that all of these novels (with the understandable exception of *Ada*) are headed for the screen.

One key sign of film's evolution as the form that matters for young people today is the number of campus literary successes now being made into motion pictures. We already have witnessed several: Peter Brook's grainy 1963 adaptation of William Golding's book *Lord of the Flies*; Larry Peerce's pushy but humorous Sixties transplant of Philip Roth's 1959 novella, *Goodbye, Columbus*; and the soon-to-be-released film version of John Barth's *The End of the Road.* Even the indomitable classroom Shakespeare found himself ruthlessly pruned and feverishly revitalized for a young audience as the literally teen-age Leonard Whiting and Olivia Hussey became Romeo and Juliet. If the results in this latter case were a trifle goofy, seeing the star-crossed lovers played by kids against the background of director Franco Zeffirelli's lush visual imagery almost justified any irreverence.

As we enter a new decade, the possible list of properties based on collegiate favorites increases. A new company, United Screen Arts, has optioned Hesse's *Steppenwolf,* and Conrad Rooks, whose hallucinatory film-nightmare on drugs, *Chappaqua,* was released several years ago, is rumored to be preparing the same author's *Siddhartha* for the screen. Hillard Elkins, the producer of *Oh! Calcutta!,* is readying a movie version of *Cat's Cradle,* and other works by Vonnegut—including *Player Piano* and *Sirens of Titan*—are also scheduled. Some of these are tentative projects and may never make it to the screen. Their mere presence on the boards, however, suggests a different contextual base for American films in the future. With Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* soon to go into production, can Richard Fariña's *Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me* be far behind?

One industry journal recently estimated that "at least 70 per cent of box-office revenue comes from young people between 16 and 29," a statistic that indicates that the economy of motion pictures is quantitatively a matter of age. Thought of five years ago *only* as an entertainment form—with a separately delineated category for "art" house imports—movies are now *in* and regarded as a legitimate pursuit in America. In contrast, the more traditional arts such as theater and opera are shaky if not altogether ready to enter an old age home. The lines at the box office are a proof of sorts that film and film alone is attracting kids. Just as it is inconceivable that anyone would stand in line for two hours to see a play or purchase a book, it is taken for granted that one will wait this long to see *Midnight Cowboy* in a city like New York. Legitimate theater, with the exception of such youth-geared musicals as *Hair* and *Salvation,* exerts little if any appeal. And the one-week performance by the Who of their rock-media opera *Tommy* at the Fillmore East is the closest anyone under thirty will get to a tier at the Metropolitan.

To understand the kind of age polarization that has occurred, one has only to glance quickly at the lyrics of two songs: the title number from *Hello, Dolly!* and "Go to the Mirror" from *Tommy.* "It's so nice to have you back where you belong," sing the waiters in the long-running Broadway musical, articulating a nostalgia and a red-carpeted style of life that seems altogether foreign if not indulgent to the kids who witnessed Woodstock, the Vietnam Moratorium, and the March on Washington. In sharp contrast, the psychologically deaf, dumb, and blind Tommy sings, "See me, feel me, touch me, heal me" from the heavily amplified stage of the Fillmore, and the generations neatly split themselves right down the middle. One has fake cotton-candy dumplings in its mouth, while the other speaks of irresistible pinball wizardry from an electronically vibrant stage.

This polarization has been widely publicized, and the evidence is staggering in its abundance. It is now virtually impossible to pick up a national magazine without stumbling across a prominent article that discusses the "youth market" and the "New American film." One of the November issues of *Look,* for example, featured Daria Halprin and Mark Frechette, the two young nonprofessionals chosen by Antonioni for his first film in America, the soon-to-be-released *Zabriskie Point.* Earlier last fall *Newsweek,* with Arlo Guthrie gracing its cover, featured a story

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on Arthur Penn's *Alice's Restaurant*.

If the age bracket of the audience has been widely covered and debated in the press, it is also no secret that the major studios are in deep trouble and that Hollywood is running scared. Clearly, the old sorts of investments—the heavily insured, multimillion-dollar dinosaurs such as *Paint Your Wagon*, *Sweet Charity*, and *The Madwoman of Chaillot*—cannot hope to recoup their budgets at the box office and are suffering tremendous losses. Like the Norma Desmond of Billy Wilder's *Sunset Boulevard*, these films are now in a revealing close-up at the end of their staircase. They simply can't survive against the relatively low-budget, personal wave of films that *Easy Rider* typifies: a movie made for less than $500,000 that may well gross as much as $50-million in foreign and domestic sales.

Dennis Hopper's "Easy Rider"—places "where the word police has a long 'o.'"

Amid corporate power struggles, massive overheads, and the infusion of somewhat younger management, the studios are trying frantically to cater to this new audience. They are floundering because the only real precedents for youth films are the packages of American International Pictures—everything from the motorcycle and beach party formulas to *Wild in the Streets* and *Three in the Attic*—movies that were commercially successful and immune to critical reception. But a good film—and, to some degree, that is what is being demanded today—doesn't lend itself to readily identifiable denominators. The pseudo-politics of *Medium Cool*—the Democratic convention, the awkward restaging of Kennedy's assassination—make Haskell Wexler's film a work of serious intentions in spite of my strong reservations about its success. Used in Agnes Varda's *Lions Love*, the same issues are inane, if not in appallingly poor taste.

As a result of the youth craze, we are due for a series of films—some good, some bad—that reflect a Hollywood in transition. The year 1970 will witness the release of a mixed bag of pictures that are genuinely topical as well as those that will be lamentably foolish. MGM has completed *The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart* from a screenplay by twenty-three-year-old Robert Westbrook based upon his own novel. The same studio is also preparing a screen version of James Simon Kunen's *The Strawberry Statement*. With its locale shifted from Columbia College to Oakland, the screenplay is an interesting blend of fiction and documentary by thirty-year-old playwright Israel Horovitz.

Joseph E. Levine, head of the company that released the phenomenally successful *The Graduate*, has dubbed Avco-Embassy's future banner as "New Faces of the '70s" and turned over the filming of the plague-ridden *Ski Bum* (from Romain Gary's novel) to three young graduate film students from UCLA. Haskell Wexler is readying production of *A Really Great Movie*, which Paramount describes as a film about two young college film-making students who are given the opportunity to make a major motion picture. Universal has the Berkeley-set *The Activist* in release. And only last month Radio City Music Hall, known for its tourists, kicking Rockettes, and tradition of Walt Disney fare, showed *Hail, Hero!*, perhaps the worst example to date of a film that tries to appeal to both pacifists and militants and rightfully pleases neither.

If *Blow-Up* was instrumental in attracting young people to film, the equivalent American landmark was Mike Nichols's *The Graduate*. Holden Caulfield, his worried future, identity-crisis, and traumas fairly intact, found a close screen ally in the person of Benjamin Braddock as played by Dustin Hoffman. Both characters assert the same basic appeal, a nervy and youthful cry against hypocrisy and false values that are captured lucidly by one word: *plastics*. What seems to me to be vital about the movie is that it signifies a phenomenon of rapport rather than a purely esthetic triumph; that it functions as a sociological replacement for Salinger despite its own confusions and impurities of self-conscious camerawork; that its score is by Simon and Garfunkel rather than Max Steiner.

This alliance with contemporary music has a great deal to do with the new look of American films and their success with a young audience. The Grateful Dead, Big Brother and the Holding Company, and John Barry's superb orchestrations contributed heavily to the impact of *Petulia*. And the two intentional or coincidental imitations of Nichols's film—the previously mentioned *Goodbye, Columbus* and *I Love You, Alice B. Toklas*—respectively used the Association and Harper's Bizarre for their title songs. When the team responsible for writing the latter movie made their directing debut this year with *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, they appropriately ended what is in essence a middle-aged comedy with Dionne Warwick singing "What the World Needs Now Is Love."

There is a special category of movies in which the music and performer mean everything, and craft is less of a concern. D. A. Pennebaker's *Don't Look Back* opens with Bob Dylan holding placards for "Subterranean Homesick Blues" as the song is played on the soundtrack; it is a fresh, ingenious, and indelible image. But in spite of Pennebaker's attempts to have the camera be more than a passive recorder of a rock concert, the only interest in *Monterey Pop* is the roster of "stars": the Jefferson Airplane, Janis Joplin, and the Who. One feels inclined to reserve formal criticism because it somehow seems irrelevant, even in a simple exploitation film such as *Popcorn*, in which the audio performances by the Rolling Stones and Joe Cocker are virtually scuttled by the abysmal color visuals and self-conscious, intrusive camerawork. At this point, there is simply no conjecturing what the upcoming release of *Woodstock* by

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Warner Brothers will be like, but it clearly represents a much needed departure from the primitivism of its predecessors. It is described as a full-length color entertainment that makes use of split-screen techniques with up to six multiple images.

So much for the survey of the change, its physical and financial appearance. To borrow from the title of one of Richard Lester's early short subjects, the American cinema and its audiences are now running, jumping, and standing still—all at the same time. Some of this youthful insistence on relevancy has been invigorating and valuable in that it reflects an outcry against what is truly dated. It has brought us a vital (if not slightly late) awareness that film is primarily a director's medium. Consequently, kids and adults are becoming familiar with the names and works of Arthur Penn, Stanley Kubrick, Sam Peckinpah, and, of course, Mike Nichols. It has led to an appreciation of criticism: One spectator at this year's San Francisco Film Festival even asserted that the writings of critic Pauline Kael will survive the films of Sidney Lumet.

If we are lucky, this positive education will not stop with the director but will be extended to include an awareness of the components that define film-making: Nicholas Roeg's cool, alienating camerawork for *Petulia* (as well as the cinematography of such men as Lucien Ballard, Conrad Hall, William A. Fraker, Laszlo Kovacs, Pasquale de Santis, and Michael Nebbia); Dede Allen's major contribution as editor in *Rachel, Rachel* and *Bonnie and Clyde*; and Lawrence Marcus's brilliant screenplay of lacerated nerves and casual violence for *Petulia*.

Similarly, we are discovering just how a film-maker like Peter Yates can straddle two theoretically divided kinds of films—the entertainment and the so-called art movie. Superficially a cops-and-robbers film, *Bullitt* on closer examination yields a more complicated and fascinating set of structural parallels between the policeman and the killer. And his new film, *John and Mary*, transforms the banalities of an updated romance by complementing them with incisive visual details. By showing, for example, how Dustin Hoffman cracks his soft-boiled egg and eats it scooped out in the cup while Mia Farrow cracks and eats hers from the shell, by taking an overused device like the freeze-frame and showing how it can still be used humorously and originally, the British director draws attention to simple, illuminating bits of action instead of leaving the viewer to rely on dialogue to get his bearings.

On a more profound level, this youthful impact at the box office, if allied with a willingness to suspend old expectations and easy solutions, can lead to an appreciation of a film such as the current *Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here.* The second movie to be written and directed by the politically blacklisted Abraham Polonsky is remarkable (as was his 1948 *Force of Evil*) for its density of formal and moral texture, and in its eloquent union of image and sound. In its uncompromising attitude toward film and vision of a country that compromises its inhabitants, *Willie Boy* is a stunning achievement. The support of a new generation of filmgoers hopefully will elevate Polonsky to his rightful position as a unique force in American cinema: a man of ideas.

Young people's demands on the medium *can* take us in this direction. Yet, there is an equal if not greater chance that we are moving toward a mere embracing emphasis of today for the sake of today and a real irrelevancy. As Kunen puts it in *The Strawberry Statement*, "to say that youth is what's happening is absurd. It's always been happening. Everyone is nineteen, only at different times. This youth-cult scene is a disservice to everyone." His is a good, prematurely wise statement that foresees an inevitable and endless rash of "youth" films, imitations of some intangible quality that exists, after all, only in the mind. Like a Ponce de León in search of the magic fountain, the studios currently are equating being young with being talented with being profitable. I only hope the logic of this direction is reversed before the studios learn the hard way all over again that making bad films—young, old, or middle-aged—is no way at all.

The pair of films that I think genuinely reflect the end of this decade and the start of another are *Easy Rider* and *Alice's Restaurant*. As companion pieces of styles, attitudes, and approaches, they form a composite blow-up of what is happening in this country. They both take drugs for granted as a part of the grass ethic, and they are both possessed with a sense that we are becoming our own films. They are also intrinsically interesting in what they tell us about the interaction between audiences and movies, in the way the former sees itself on the screen.

Of the two, *Rider* works more obviously and is the more immediate film, applying the lyrics of Paul Kantner's song "We Can Be Together" by visually demonstrating that "we are all outlaws in the eyes of America." More than any film in recent memory, it generates its own pulse into the heartbeats of its predominantly under-thirty audience. The spirit of the movie is personal, even conversational. It says yes, it has been to this wave length of the United States before, and to prove that its age is ours, the soundtrack makes intensive use of contemporary rock—Steppenwolf, the Band, and Jimi Hendrix, among others. When Roger McGuinn sings "It's Alright Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)" near the end of the film, the audience and the movie have a viselike grip on each other. They go back a long way together, and I'm not altogether certain that anyone who wasn't weaned on Bob Dylan—whether three or thirty—can share the journey.

Penn's "Alice's Restaurant"—"a part of life rather than an end to it."

Sometimes, the film says about itself, you just have to be there to understand.

Alice also utilizes music as its integral base, but directs it toward a more complicated, trickier, and eventually subtler end. Some of the soundtrack is simply music, like the appropriate and evocative "Songs to Aging Children Come," by Joni Mitchell. It is used as a quiet, melancholic background for a funeral sequence in the snow, a scene that owes a formal and emotional debt to the final part of François Truffaut's *Fahrenheit 451*. There are other songs including Pete Seeger's renditions of "Pastures of Plenty" and "The Car Song." The traditional hymn "Amazing Grace" becomes a generational link between a revival meeting

(*Continued on page* 36)

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"2001" challenges "assumptions that have dominated serious writing for at least a hundred years."

Fiction and Film: A Search for New Sources

by STEPHEN KOCH

The end of this dying, confounded decade of ours confronts anyone thinking even casually about the art of narrative with a blunt, and for Americans relatively new, fact: it has become impossible to imagine any general point of view—not even one based on strictly artistic criteria—within which the art of fiction might seem more important than film. Even today, such an assertion has a funny ring. On the razor's edge of the Seventies, it bongs with an almost irritating banality, although not very long ago (even a writer under thirty can remember when) it would have torn the air like a shriek of treason. *Fiction*? A subordinate, unproductive art? As compared to what? Hollywood? To most literary people, the idea remained a crass outrage until at least 1965, when a succession of masterpieces from Europe and decidedly remarkable American films finally made clear to practically everyone that film had become the only narrative form that mattered much.

In 1969, to insist on this point would merely submerge the obvious in stridency. But think a moment: What American novel written in the Sixties stands anywhere near (to pick off a list almost off-hand) *Jules and Jim, Persona, Contempt, My Life to Live, Muriel, L'Avventura, Balthazar, Mouchette, Before the Revolution*? And these are movies that one admires almost without qualification. What novels are even as interesting and gratifying as the movies that fill the list of the decade's remarkable runners-up: *Psycho, The Manchurian Candidate, A Hard Day's Night, Yellow Submarine*, the much underrated *Reflections in a Golden Eye, Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?*, or . . . ? But I'm just picking names out of the air; a systematic effort would fill the column. The current relations of the forms are a self-evident matter of vitality facing down enervation.

I see no reason to draw any apocalyptic conclusions from this, but the recent history of the two brother arts makes it seem obvious in retrospect that they have had this painful rendezvous from the beginning, that it has been somehow implicit from the beginning in their artistic assumptions. Things were easier once. It's almost embarrassing to repeat that Americans have only recently begun to think of film as art. In decades past, the inane prejudice that it wasn't could always get its hype by merely contrasting the venal triviality of the Dream Factory with the uncontested superiority of early-twentieth-century literary modernism. But with the exception of Beckett, that modernism has been fallow for almost thirty years, since, say, 1941—the year both of Joyce's last book and of *Citizen Kane*. Since then, writing's prestige as High Art has been running largely on credit, academic credit at that. During the Fifties, this was understandable enough (given the general ignorance of European film). After all, *Rebel Without a Cause, Johnny Guitar*, and *Rear Window* are fine movies and all that, but they are something of a comedown after *Finnegans Wake*.

No more: The credit is exhausted. And to clinch the switch, last year we were presented with what looks very much like *the* masterpiece of the decade, emerging from nowhere else than Hollywood the Vile (via London) in the form of Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*. Kubrick's extraordinary masterpiece gathers into one dynamic image a major challenge to some of the assumptions that have dominated serious writing for at least a hundred years (and a challenge to the way those assumptions have affected film, as well), in a way that, say, Resnais's *Muriel* does not. *2001* is among the few great films that owe nothing at all to the assumptions of the middle-class psychological novel (as Resnais's film certainly does), entirely overlooking what is supposed to be the dominant preoccupation of "serious" modern narrative—the Self and its suffering—and substituting its own virile and deeply intelligent exploration of the human capacity for wonder. And that innovation creates another set of challenges. For example, though we've got used to assuming that "seri-

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ous" art ought to partake of a set of "clitist," "adversary," "alienated" assumptions promoted by a certain kind of literary humanism, *2001* simply overlooks them all, which explains the hysteria of the critical reaction to it. It not only appealed to but overwhelmed a mass audience. Its politics are unnamable. It presents a complex and sometimes exalting image of that technology which we've been told again and again is inhuman and, therefore, the enemy of both art and the human spirit. All in all, ever since that ape leaped up in his exalting dance, crashing to pieces the dry bones of a dead animal, things haven't been the same.

And what's been happening to serious fiction while innovations like this have been emerging? For one thing, it has lost a big part of its best, most literate public to the movies, and *not*, as some rebarbative critics bitterly opine, because movies are "easy." (*Muriel, Balthazar,* and *Contempt* are not "easy" works.) People have lost interest because the middle-class psychological novel, which remains the only form our so-called serious writing takes, no longer has much to offer. And for a reason.

The reason is that the great tradition of modernist prose in English comes to an end in the work of Samuel Beckett—another ringing phrase, and though it may tinkle a bit with dogmatism, I'm convinced it isn't either really dogmatic or a mere matter of swallowing Beckett's own well-known views on the matter. It, too, has a kind of inevitable logic. Ever since Henry James, "serious writing" in English has been virtually defined as the rendering of consciousness through a self-conscious speaking voice. It has been the exploration and realization of the Self in words. As Isabel Archer sits beside the dead fireside in *Portrait of a Lady,* sensing the ghastly, geometric phantasm of her life's failure slowly rising to consciousness and fitting together before her, James is discovering, in Isabel's own self-discovery, the method, the *subject* of what was to be thenceforth the greatest fiction in English. Isabel's monologue is one of the great moments in the history of art, and near the end of it James exultantly exclaims, "Then, ah *then,* she *knew* where she was."

But when this tradition comes to an end in the gasping solitude of the last transcendent pages of *The Unnamable,* the conscious Self is singing a different tune: "Where I am, I don't know, I'll never know, in the silence you don't know, I can't go on, I'll go on." Here are sentences about *space* that demarcate the history of a kind of extreme self-consciousness in the twentieth century, the extreme self-consciousness that has been our best fiction's very life. From somewhere to nowhere; that is the trajectory of modern fiction, and, like all Beckett's works, *The Unnamable is* dominated by a single, horribly resonant, utterly penetrating insight: It is that consciousness meditating on itself alone is in fact meditating on death; that the *subject* of consciousness alone is death; that the life of consciousness alone is death.

The hero of contemporary fiction is the Nowhere Man, and his locale is the Nowhere Land, where he makes all his Nowhere Plans for Nobody. The Anguished Self is placeless and spaceless, and his art merely presents us year after year with a chronicle of self-humiliation, self-doubt, self-hatred, and (not to put too fine a point on it) masochism on a scale that I'm sure has been scarcely imagined since the fifteenth century. The heart of narrative is action, while our ideal seriousness is an account of impotence and the incapacity to act. That paradox has a certain richness, but it seems to me that its possibilities are utterly exhausted by Beckett's genius, and that we should take our greatest living writer seriously when he says it's time to put it to rest. In any event, it has stopped being interesting. Like some incorrigibly self-destructive friend, who first startles us with a sense of emotional urgency, whose situation then moves and even exalts us, but slowly begins to be an irritation because we've been to this same nowhere so many times before, our fiction has at last turned into one great big bore.

Mainstream modernism has died of complications implicit in a surfeit of subjectivity; it has died, literally, of inaction. But that's where movies and their extraordinary vitality come in. If the heart of narrative is action, the camera eye, poor, mindless fool, can't help but record those physical places, real spaces, real time within which action becomes real. More than that, condemned to this glassy objectivity, it can make them all flash into an autonomous life of their own. The blank camera eye is interested in action, and action alone, and that gives it certain obvious advantages as a narrative medium. But it has a less obvious bonus as a medium dealing with the emotional life. The foundation of emotion is the perception of physical reality, and the argument that the camera eye (the French word for lens is *objectif*) is enslaved by objectivity loses much of its conviction when one reflects on how very close the transformation of physical reality into a living artistic organism stands to both the basis of narrative and the emotional life itself.

Let's not be naïve: You don't have to swallow the Boy Scout Manual's definition of action to sustain this point of view. Dreams and fantasies are accounts of events, and, as the proto-narratives par excellence, they reveal a lot about the two arts they are so repetitively said to resemble. The *space* within which dreams occur is dynamic, cathectic, and brought to life by the dreamer's unfailing organic intelligence on the subject of detail. Moreover, though he is speaking in the self's purest known language, the dreamer is absorbed in the outside world, and almost every account of a dream begins

Jean-Luc Godard—"much less the critic than the poet."

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by naming a *place* ("I was in my grandmother's house"), followed by a definition of how its space is perceived ("but the rooms seemed darker and bigger than usual"), and *then* one gets to the emotion ("and I felt lonely").

The dreamer's wondering and perplexed absorption in the world—*his* world—is film's forte. But it isn't enough to argue that film's organization of time and space gives this "objective" medium its "subjective" strength, since the point of art is something more than merely to set up a strong analogy to people's actual emotional lives. It is also a matter of endowing time and space with an autonomous artistic life of their own. In *Psycho,* when Anthony Perkins stabs the girl in that now classical shower stall, the hundred-odd separate shots that electrify the two minutes or so of her death show us not what the girl is seeing in her terror, nor what the murderer is seeing in his frenzy; they flash before us the spectacle of space terrorized, time in terror.

If it is to move beyond its current impasse (and why shouldn't it?), the novel has a lot to learn from all this, though the lessons might mean turning away from the masterpieces that have been its main source of strength and starting to pay attention to what has seemed until recently merely amusing trivia. Meanwhile, what does film have to learn from the novel? A little of the best fiction's integrity and artistic autonomy would do no harm, but one reason for the pre-eminence of *2001,* at least in *my* current thinking, is Kubrick's obvious decision that it had exactly nothing to learn from the novel. (Clarke's book, a very different kettle of fish, was written after the screenplay.) But I am speaking of *the* novel—the psychological novel—since the film's relation to science fiction is different, just as many "sub-literary" genres currently have a vitality that "the" novel lacks. Two of the most gratifying novels I've recently read are Michael Crichton's *The Andromeda Strain* and Clarke's *Childhood's End* (what fabulous titles they make up!). Kubrick's film is nonetheless utterly cinematic, and one of its principal departures from the sci-fi form is to abandon the peculiarly verbal ploy of playing off amazement against a tendency to "scientifically explain" and rationalize events. (Hitchcock might take a clue from this, since murder mysteries use the same ploy: The very poor scene with the all-explaining psychiatrist at the end of *Psycho* is an uncinematic carry-over from the novelistic method.)

Abandoning literature, *2001* represents a major departure from the main sources of cinematic energy in this decade. At least until around 1965, the "new wave" of France, for one, derived a great deal of its energy from discoveries about how to redeem certain features of the classical psychological novel for film. True, this is a factor that has often been overlooked because in the best work a cinematic procedure is so thoroughly achieved. But in its epistemological theme, its attitude toward the past, its extreme delicacy of character conception, and its breathtaking intelligence on the subject of perspective, Resnais's *Muriel* is perhaps the most successful Jamesian work of art since *The Golden Bowl.* (To preserve cultural hegemony, I suppose I ought to call it Proustian, but *Muriel*'s emotional tone and its attitude toward objects more closely resemble the work of *our* genius.) Truffaut's *Jules and Jim* is another obvious example of an entirely successful cinematic transformation of the old novelistic ploy of a triangular situation that probes the mysteries of a personality, just as *The Soft Skin* is an almost entirely unsuccessful effort at the same thing. And then there's Godard.

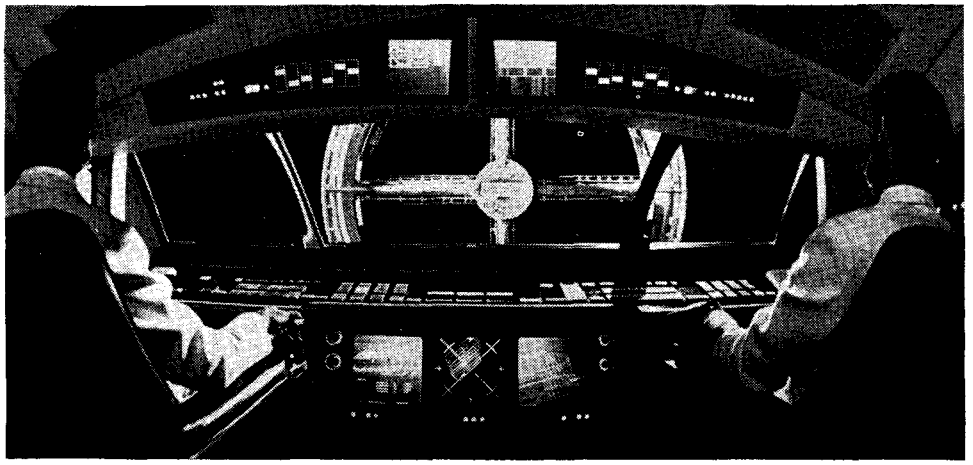
As many critics have already pointed out, Godard's "literary" procedures are less an effort to "redeem" psychological narrative procedures than to play language against image in the name of a certain analytical, oblique intensity. To resort to a set of literary terms that necessarily make things inexact, Godard is much less interested in narrative than in poetry and criticism. True enough, until *La Chinoise* (more or less) "stories" did (more or less) appear in his movies, but they appeared almost inadvertently, the way a dancer sometimes simply has to walk from point to point on stage. Characteristically, his narratives are mere threads used to string a set of poetic moments into feature length; one example is his use for this purpose of the long journey, the odyssey, as in *Pierrot le Fou* and *Weekend.*

But Godard seems to be much less the critic than the poet, and, when he abandons poetry for his critical mood (in *La Chinoise, Deux ou Trois Choses que je sais d'Elle,* and above all the recent *Le Gai Savoir*), he courts a disaster that he gets up, down, and sideways in the last film, especially because he is enamored of a critical method—a phenomenologically oriented, structuralist critique of language—which (at least so far) seems catastrophically unsuited to the visual media. As *Le Gai Savoir*'s amazingly presumptuous title suggests (it is taken from Nietzsche), Godard recently has fallen in dangerously above his head and is rapidly sinking into the familiar rant of a visually undynamic (not to say intellectually void) demagoguery when he ought to be crying for help.

The apparent exhaustion of innovating narrative ideas in the French by-now-not-so-new wave seems to suggest—I say only suggest—that, like fiction, film may also be at some new juncture, even in its current pre-eminence. One hastens to hedge that bet in favor of Resnais, however, since he shows no signs of any such exhaustion. Deplorably, his recent feature *Je t'aime, Je t'aime* may never be seen in America because the film has been bought by a major American studio and distributor that has decided not to release it. (Of course, it would be a film of interest to every serious moviegoer in America.) Bresson is certainly not exhausted either, and one can only hope that his remarkable *Une Femme Douce,* which has been bought by Paramount, will not meet the same oblivious, dust-gathering fate as *Je t'aime, Je t'aime,* though it's threatened that it will.

But generally speaking, European film seems sunk in a glum, fallow period, a fact reflected in this year's New York Film Festival, whose scouts cover European film with a fine-toothed comb

(*Continued on page* 38)



Stanley Kubrick's "2001"—a profound "exploration of the human capacity for wonder."

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You're Only as Young As They Think You Are

by R. J. MONACO

An article in *Variety* recently estimated that "fifty-one colleges now have formal film departments that grant degrees. And a minimum of 168 other colleges offer at least one course in film." A good example of this second category is the University of Wisconsin, which, although it does not grant a degree, does currently list five motion picture courses in its undergraduate curriculum (including two in production) plus two graduate seminars. What impact, if any, does such an academic situation have on the film industry? And more significantly, what real use is a film degree to graduates?

"Degrees?" snorts a new young media editor at a major publishing, film, record, and soybean conglomerate. "Who the hell cares about film degrees? Talent is what we look for." This vast corporation recently gave a young student at Ohio State University the sum of $48,000 to produce a series of short educational films, and now, although he has no degree in film, he does have his own production company.

Another example is twenty-three-year-old Steven Gaines, whose movie *A Giant Step* won him a prize in his last year at New York University's film school. Upon graduation, he convinced several businessmen to back him and formed his own TV commercial-producing company. Now less than a year later, he has talked additional businessmen (including some Wall Street people and at least one used-car dealer) into staking his first feature film. The amount—$100,000—is low by film standards. He does have a degree, but he emphasizes that "the degree didn't get me this. In itself, it got me nothing." Most of his classmates have exactly what the degree in itself got them: nothing. However Gaines did it, he is getting to make his own movie. That's the point. The others have the same jobs in the industry they would have had if they'd come out of college with B.A.s in botany.

"You have to sell yourself," says Gaines. "You have to deal with businessmen, or you can't get money." Without money being made available in some way, cinematic talent has virtually no outlet. A novelist can write a book and come up with a finished, publishable product for a modest cost, but a film-maker can find himself spending an amount equivalent to the average American's yearly income in a month, a week, or a day. "School," Gaines adds, "gave me a chance to work with very gifted teachers and to learn film techniques using equipment I couldn't have provided myself with."

"To become a professional," says Jeff Young, who served as an American Film Institute apprentice to Arthur Penn during the making of *Alice's Restaurant*, "a director has to learn to be a businessman. It's an unpopular fact, but still a fact. His artistic choices are too expensive to deny this. He's responsible for a fortune every time he makes a picture," particularly now that the day of the old "take-over" producer (who manipulated the director like a puppet) is finished. Directors are now chief executives.

Most young film-makers and would-be film-makers learn to live with the facts. Some drift toward the underground and at least make movies as best they can; others, like Joseph Keller, a recent graduate of the NYU film school, teach and move, with faint bitterness, around the periphery of the industry. "I want to be a film-maker. That's why I went to school in the first place. For two years I was able to shoot, cut, direct—everything. Looking back, it was all unreal. I mean, I'm in the world now, and the world isn't a place I can make films in. I haven't the money, and if I try to work my way up with the studios I'll be an old man before I get to do a picture myself. But I won't give up."

There are thousands who don't give up. Every day in New York and Hollywood countless schemes are schemed, potential backers are met, scripts are read, lies are told, hands are shaken, and a few, a very few, contracts are actually signed. And fewer films are finally made. Music majors in the universities and matrons in the suburbs want to make movies. Everyone does. Jeff Young: "In the end it's luck as much as anything."

An undergraduate in Columbia University's film program asserts: "The underground is no alternative. I'd rather sell insurance. I want to do films that are neither avant-garde nor traditional. I want to do well-structured, serious art movies. Like a European, I realize the majors aren't interested." When asked what he intended to do after graduating, he responded, "Hope for the best." What use will film school be? "No use. Except for the experience, no use at all."

A pattern emerges: students and ex-students, whether successful or marking time, tend to think of the school as a nice place to visit. The large studios and production companies are indifferent. "Apart from Francis Cop-

Edwin Lynch (right)—one of six recipients of a "student film-maker" grant from the American Film Institute, with his cameraman, Ted Churchill.

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pola I don't know any big directors who came from college film. The colleges aren't worth a damn," says one top film executive. While perhaps an exaggeration, his point of view permeates the professional world the graduates hope to enter.

There is another factor: the film industry is fighting for its life. The elephantine limbs are being lopped off. This is radical surgery. The multimillion-dollar movies are running out of time and finances simultaneously. In a field in which people talk about "track records," the big budget supercolossals lumber like dinosaurs and finish out of the money time after time. Studios are stopping pictures with millions already invested. The traditional backbone, the broad, middle-class, middle-aged audience, is dropping out of the theaters, year by year, and taking root before the television set. The still mobile under-thirties are, increasingly, going to the movies. For the studios, the youth market is already the major market. Young directors have come up with low budget films and netted high profits. The mathematics are simple: ten pictures costing $500,000 to $1.5-million or ten costing $2.5- to $10-million with the same chances of breaking even.

So, young film-makers, graduates or not, are in a *kind* of demand, theoretically at least. More will, no doubt, be given opportunities than in the past, but out of the thousands only ten will get to do what they set out to: direct a major feature. Given the vast resources of the Hollywood style corporation, its power to dominate and even control production and distribution of aboveground cinema in America seems, realistically, unshakable.

Arthur Barron, head of Columbia's film school, argues to the contrary: "These kids are going to create their own industry, film establishment if you will, and gradually become totally independent. They're going to make their own pictures, their own way, for their own audience." Perhaps, but the majors will, in all probability, buy them up as fast as they succeed. As for the losers, if these independent young men cost their brokers and used-car dealers a few hundred thousand a few times, that will be that. One chance in the movie business is a lot. Film, as some mogul once said, is for horse players—and you haven't a prayer unless you own the track.

Optimistically, Columbia University is starting a special program for directorial training: a production team gets to make a "real" film, one with a sponsor, budget, and all the fiscal as well as artistic responsibility that entails. Warner Brothers has agreed to fund and distribute two shorts a year in this program, buying all rights and kicking some profits—if any—back to the school and students.

According to Professor George Bouwman, head of undergraduate film at NYU, that university now has an equivalent program under which the student film-makers can at least get back their own money. This is an important point. Last year, for example, there was considerable friction when Philip Messina (whose nineteen-minute *Going to Work in the Morning from Brooklyn* played around the country with such features as *Greetings*) received an offer for his movie from NET. He'd made the film as part of an NYU program, and the university owned it. Because Messina had put in about $2,000 of his own money, he felt he owned some of the film himself and saw a chance to recoup part of his investment. Under existing terms he had made nothing on the film's national distribution. He went to the NYU film library and explained that he had a deal with NET, and that he wanted 50 per cent for himself—about $1,000. NYU said the percentage wasn't to its taste, called the laboratory before Messina got there, and put a stop on the negative. There was no print for the film-maker. The school made its own deal and cut Messina's share down to what it considered a more reasonable figure (slightly under zero per cent), and that was that. He went to Dean Oppenheim of the School of the Arts. The dean was sympathetic and promised that reforms were forthcoming. Messina may get his money back yet. Other students in analogous situations have complained, but few have pressed the issue with Messina's intensity. More successful than most, he has been directing commercials and is now working on a feature script.

These issues concern the film-maker but not his brother-under-the-skin, that exclusive product of the university, that man who, like his counterpart in literature, music, art, doesn't do it himself: the film scholar. Viewed as an alternative to the English major, he, at first, seems quite promising. After all, he can only work his abstract will on the products of a medium about sixty years old. On the other hand, as narrowing a space increases the pressure of a gas, more intense critical wind may result. Perhaps scholarly breezes had best blow over the centuries and spread out their force. In any case, film schools are firmly bent on producing these gentlemen (as a way of making film-as-art seem "respectable"), and the cinema will have to learn to live with them. Everyone else has learned to live with his version. One thing is certain: these film scholars will prosper in the university climate whatever the fate of the film-makers.

The American Film Institute's Jack Valenti, in his address to fellows at the opening this fall of the Center for Advanced Film Studies, minced no words: "We are beginning . . . a center for advanced film studies—a place that we must make into a community of film-makers and film scholars." Actually, the AFI, in theory, takes an idealistic position with regard to the function of education vis-à-vis the arts. Mr. Valenti said further, "Our concept . . . calls for this center to function as a bridge between the study of film-making and the profession." Experience suggests that it will be a toll bridge, and a shaky one at that. Valenti went on to affirm: "We have chosen to do our work separate of any formal ties to larger institutions. We have chosen an independent framework for the center . . . because our approach demands flexibility and, even though a central function . . . will be film history, our sights will be intensely concentrated on film-making. For, as I assured some of you who expressed concern about any unnecessary academic detours from . . . your careers, you can think of [the center] for film as Robert Frost thought of courts for tennis: 'We are on them,' Frost said, 'not to see if the lines are straight, but to play tennis.'"

Valenti, with a visionary rhetoric peculiarly inappropriate to the realities of the movie business, wants "a partnership in which thinkers from other fields enrich film-makers who have the opportunity through art to help the individual find himself and his way in a scientific world not noted for solving human problems." The vision is fine, but it *is* a vision. Few of those young men he addressed will get to make films on a large enough scale to help anyone, themselves included, talent notwithstanding. Students are there because they hope to get a foot in the door, period (except for the scholars, of course, who only study the past in any case). Valenti's idea, like the whole university film school concept, is a splendid one. But unless the intention is to create the filmic equivalent of college literary magazines with circulations of 2,000 or so, an unrhetorical echo is heard: "Who the hell cares about film degrees?"

This paradox was brought up later in Valenti's speech when he said: "It does no good to look away from the harsh realities of film-making. . . . The amounts of money necessary to produce even a modest film . . . means that you will have to rely on audiences to support your work." The rest is wishful thinking. Large audiences almost never have supported and probably never will support the James Joyces, William Faulkners, Robert Frosts, Mil-

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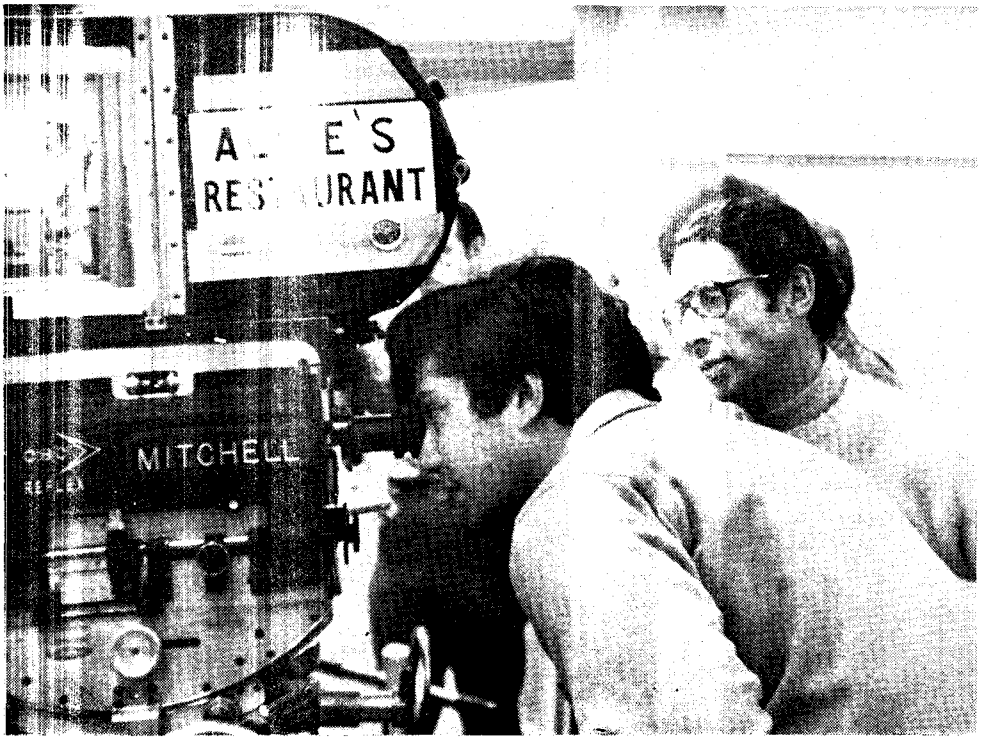
ton Babbitts, Mozarts (his final concert had *one* subscriber), Schoenbergs, etc. Americans may accept film art from Bergman, Fellini, Antonioni, and Buñuel, for example, but rarely from their own. Valenti rightly hopes for as profound an order of film-maker to find expression here. He suggests "that there is a great audience between the two seacoasts of this country that is wanting for the insights and understanding that great art can bring." He dreams while students wake to the realities that publishers, record companies, and studios live with and have lived with for some time, that television proves every night of the week: great art, by and large, is a welfare case. Illusions don't help anyone. Young film-makers have to learn more about corporate in-fighting than esthetics and film history.

"I've seen what these kids do when they have all that freedom at school," argues the skeptical film executive. "They can experiment all they want there. Why don't they turn out great pictures?" The question, of course, is obviously unfair: they should be allowed, on a larger scale, that sort of freedom after five or ten years of moviemaking. Then we might find more Fellinis and Bergmans in this country. Maybe even ten or fifteen years should pass. As in all things, contrary to current American youth worship, artists usually get better as they get older. The next stage will be reached when the newest oracle shouts: "The infants of today, whose mothers watched television while carrying them, who were nourished on the placenta of the electronic age, who reject reading and writing and the mating habits of their elders, have to be listened to now because there are so *many* of them." "What are babies really saying?" asks a noted professor. "What are they telling us about our society?" "Goo goo," asserts the three-year-old chairman of the board of Pediatrix Films, Inc. One really doesn't have to be a Confucian to see that the youth mania gets a little silly.

Many of the films made on campus last year are far from infantile; like first novels they tend to be naïvely concerned with local color and self-conscious self-examination. When they attempt great literary seriousness they are somewhat embarrassing, as witness *Death of a Small Boy* by Samuel Grossman of NYU. This film has effective (if redundant) dolly shots, fair overall technique (the cameraman's shadow is visible only once), and a dreadful, bluntly pretentious script about a Jewish waiter who wanders around for a while and then sees a blind man whom he takes for the S.S. captain who shot his son during the war. He chases the man. A policeman comes and pulls them apart. The waiter insists the blind man is a Nazi. The blind man walks away. The cop holds the waiter. The camera wanders off. *Fin.*



Intern Jeff Young and director Arthur Penn on the set of "Alice's Restaurant"—"A director has to learn to be a businessman."

Steven Gaines's *A Giant Step* is consistent with its premises, good technically (for example, the interiors are beautifully lighted), and generally well crafted. He restricts the film to a subject he understands and can treat cleverly: a young man going away to school for the first time, his loneliness, pathos, humor. It works not as a "great" movie, but a fine start. Gaines's $100,000 feature will probably be worth looking at.

In cooperation with the City of New York, Columbia University's Assistant Professor Paul Ronder produced and directed the Student-Faculty production *Phoenix House*, a documentary film on drug addicts. Like most documentaries it drags in spots, but on the whole it is quite successful. Inventive photography and intelligent cutting help. For reasons having to do with the nature of fiction and dramatic structure in general, students can produce *cinéma vérité* that ranks with films done by seasoned and talented veterans. These films are really created in the cutting room and are uniquely dependent on improvisation and choice of subject. One of the best of this kind, Thomas Reichman's *Mingus,* was made while the film-maker was an undergraduate at Columbia, majoring in Chinese. Fiction film exists in a tradition (for Westerners at least) established by the Greeks and, like it or not, still depends on the logic of literature and drama for much of its exposition and structure. Not youth and freshness, but deep understanding and experience are crucial—given talent, of course.

Mortis, by Columbia's John Albo, is a great parody of Bergman, and, if you are turned on by necrophilia, it turns you on. While things get a little overdone in places, the shots are good, the cutting crisp, and the overall impression excellent. Albo looks as though he could, given the opportunity, rival Robert Downey of *Putney Swope* fame.

The college films, on the whole, are surprisingly solid. Many of these young men have excellent arguments for choosing film as a profession. The question remains: how many will get a chance? A person can become a great poet in the privacy of his home, accumulate twenty or thirty years' worth of manuscripts and bitterness, and, perhaps, finally, have his day. A film-maker without the machinery for making films can accumulate only twenty or thirty years of bitterness. It is a conceit of the successful that real talent will out. However, as there are always so many incompetents among the successful, it seems clear that there are no doubt many gifted people among the failures. "You have to sell yourself," says Steven Gaines. "In the end it's luck," says Jeff Young.

Film schools are good in theory, but they obviously aren't the answer. The hope that they will help create a new film establishment within the present one seems as futile as the hope that they will open wide the doors of the industry to new film-makers bent on producing art movies. It looks to be the same old fight with the same old rules. Best of luck to the class of '70.

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Europe and America: A Question of Self-Image

"When Antonioni wanted a different contemporary youth scene, he had to go to the States to find it for 'Zabriskie Point.'"

by SHARI STEINER

There's an old ice cream freezer in the corner that sizzles, and out front, where most of the customers grab their stand-up coffee, a fluorescent tube sputters, and an espresso boiler hisses. Marco comes bustling back with a tray of six steaming cups and a smile on the bottom half of his face. He doesn't like this in-the-back-room stuff for kids—especially long-haired kids—but he doesn't complain. The Filmstudio 70, Italy's only underground film club with daily programs, opened around the corner last year, and business is up 50 per cent. Anybody want more sugar?

The five students at the measly, yellow Formica table are from the Deutsche Film und Fernsehakademie West Berlin. Gerard Conradt is tall and thin and has a hacking cough from the flu. Gunter Peter Strauscheck is round with pawnbroker glasses. Michael Geissler, Hans Beringer, and Holger Meins are quiet while the other two argue.

The issue is whether to protest at Venice. The group just returned from the disruptions at Pesaro, and their Volkswagen bus needs an overhaul. They should get back to Berlin, because the Akademie director has impounded their films and indicted them on political activity. But Venice! Venice is the last big festival of the season: a monument to commercialism and a creation of Mussolini. They must protest at Venice.

The year 1968 was one of festivals and the revolution. The world learned about the May events in Cannes, and the rest of the summer was a string of explosions from Berlin to Oberhausen to Avignon to Pesaro to Venice.

Why the festivals? Why was so much of the revolution's energy spent on such a small segment of society? Saul Gottlieb, the underground impresario, carelessly commented at Avignon that it was only because the festivals are the most vulnerable. But the real reason goes much deeper. Film and theater festivals in Europe have a place in youth culture comparable to the pop music festivals in the United States. Young people come from all over the continent to see the films and meet each other. The films and the festivals have a sacredness, a tradition as art. They function as showcases for "intellectual thought." Festivals by design were attacked first.

But the disruptions of 1968 were fractioned with endless debates. "Should we close Pesaro when the South American revolutionary film-makers have no other audience?" "Is Venice *worth* attacking?" These debates culminated in 1969: the year of festivals and cancellations. The Establishment turtled into itself, Venice was deserted by the money men and revolutionaries alike, and de Gaulle was dethroned. The Italian government was in chaos. And Germany was shifting with customary precision, inch by ponderous inch through the first change of government since the war.

The first time I saw *La Chinoise*, I was enchanted by Jean-Luc Godard's pop colors and his subway poster technique of slapping up a film big enough and garish enough to attract languid, passerby eyes before it was covered up by next week's edition. I laughed at the students. Exactly. I'd been there. All of us were sitting on our asses and plotting and feeling self-important. Us against Evil. At a perfect pot party at actor Pierre Clementi's whorehouse albergo, everyone was stoned on hash and freaked out on the twang-twang of the sitar; Clementi and Marguerite were on the old, high-backed bed with his 16 mm projector whirring, and we were spouting theory and watching the soupy, running together, gloriously hypnotic images.

As director Pier Paolo Pasolini says, the revolutionary is a *figlio di papa*, middle-class to the core. Isn't it funny when Godard puts these kids up on the wall in their French flag colors and their mixed-up heads?

In April 1969, Joseph Morgenstern, film critic for *Newsweek*, reviewed *La Chinoise* glowingly. He compared the student revolutionary's struggle to that of *The Graduate* and mildly commented that "Godard holds out at least the possibility that these characters may accomplish something in their lives; an almost bungled but finally consummated political assassination can be taken both as a parody of *The Possessed* and a slapdash symbol of action as opposed to words."

In America, Mike Nichols's *The Graduate* was so successful that it started one of those long chains of boardroom events known as "Rethinking Our Direction." United Artists released *Alice's Restaurant* and Columbia Pictures distributed *Easy Rider*, proving that there was money in those knot-bleached jeans. In Europe, *La Chinoise* was an even more significant film. Not only did it herald flocks of movies about the student revolutionary, but it spoke of a social phenomenon that was to rock the continent. It was *not* one of Godard's posters, to be covered up the following week.

During the abrupt leaping months of 1968 and 1969, film festivals were not the only section of the cinema hierarchy that was attacked. Hubbub

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over the dismissal of Henri Langlois, founder and *monstre sacré* of La Cinémathèque Française, set Paris rumbling before the outbreaks at Nanterre. Film institutes, which in Europe have a tradition as elite trade schools, were occupied as frequently as universities. These schools are state-subsidized. Programs run from as short as two years at Rome's Centro Esperimentale (located conveniently just down the Via Tuscolana from Cinecittà) to four years at Budapest's Szinház és Filmmüvészeti Fóiskola. Diplomas from these academies often guarantee work, as the sponsoring governments require that a minimum of graduates must work on every commercial film.

Complaints against the schools ranged from philosophical ("The Berlin Akademie is increasingly returning to Nazism") to practical ("The Centro Esperimentale does not allow new experimental techniques"). The verbal debate in these confrontations centered on definitions and degrees of Nazism and/or experimentalism, but the real hangup was over who controls—the old order or the new.

In response to these demands, the film hierarchy made numerous adjustments this year: The Venice Festival Committee called a reworking conference to do away with prizes and with Dr. Luigi Chiarini, its long-standing director. Dr. Ernesto Lauro now holds the post; he has promised to put more emphasis on experimental and noncommercial films. The Centro Esperimentale has granted the right of students to have one member on the Board of Directors; it is also extending audit privileges in classes. And the academies in London and Paris are widening their curriculums.

The students themselves have formed cooperatives to operate outside the commercial world. Italy's Cinema Indipendente and Berlin's Junger Deutscher Film gained strength. The Hamburg cooperative formed and held its first "closed circuit" festival. Other groups have popped up in Munich, Stuttgart, and Oberhausen.

Elsewhere, the idea was to supplant Establishment distribution methods by an underground network. Particularly in Germany, the youth felt that commerical films were lifeless and superfluous. Even such a sincere and earnest effort as Hansjurgen Pohland's *Cat and Mouse* was not an esthetic success. "The young film-maker," said Gerard Conradt, "must put away commercial considerations and recognize film's use as a teaching device." Whether all film-makers in Germany agree that "education" is the purpose of film, they do present loud opposition to present commercial distribution, and they feel that the cooperatives are one means of undermining the system.

While film institutes were being attacked and subverted as purveyors of the old order, young film-makers were putting it all down on celluloid. To distribute information on the revolution, the Movimento Studentesco did a series of *Cinegiornale* film clips styled after the old newsreels in the United States. The idea was pragmatic and purposely evanescent. Europe has a dozen languages to cope with, and underground newspapers cannot communicate as completely as films. The attitude was to let films, today's films, spread the word; tomorrow there would be more to take their place.

In Paris, the underground theaters are filled with students "reading" the latest news from the Movimento Studentesco. The Filmstudio 70 in Rome was jammed by students watching the word from Berlin and arguing furiously over philosophy.

The European cinema began to respond. Films about the student revolutionary flooded the movie houses and the better-known festivals, especially in Italy. Marco Bellocchio, the young director who made *Fist in His Pocket*, did *La Cina è Vicina* (*China Is Near*). Bernardo Bertolucci, the twenty-eight-year-old director who made *Before the Revolution, La Commare Seca, Partners*, and a section of *La Rabbia*, is now shooting *The Conformist*. This latter film is about the political indecision of a boy's life and stars Pierre Clementi and Jean-Louis Trintignant. When I asked him on the set about the political context of all his films, he responded: "Politics are life, the most important thing happening now. Everyone is involved in politics. Last year, we hoped that our films would explode in people's minds with the force of a Molotov cocktail, but I don't think so anymore. Only a bomb really has power. A film is a secondary aspect of the revolution, because to make a film, you must operate within 'the system.' We could stop making films, but we would go on with the revolution."

There were other revolutionary films, including Lilliana Cavani's *I Cannibali* and Zemperi's *La Cuore di Mamma*. How did all of these films get backing? Some of the money came from a politically involved older generation of producers. Such men as Alfredo Bini, Pasolini's producer until this year, have always been committed to political propagandizing for the Left. But this is not the whole story. Italian low-budget productions begin at $100,000 to $150,000. Of this amount, a producer figures that he must have at least $50,000 *in mano* for "real costs." Often he can rent equipment, labs, and studios at cut rates if he is willing to work when the suppliers are between productions. He can get film stock, studios, equipment, labs, costumes, and even part of the wages on credit. He then tries to achieve solid backing for the remaining costs from distributors. This works wonders on guaranteeing that the film will open and will show a minimum number of days in a minimum number of houses.

La Cina è Vicina, for example, was backed by Vides Films, which produced such commercial attractions as *Viva Maria* and *A Fine Pair*. Euro International, a production company

—Clyde Steiner.

Director Bernardo Bertolucci on the set of "The Conformist"—"Only a bomb really has power. A film is a secondary aspect of the revolution."

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headed by the Count and Countess Bino Cicogna, has taken Pasolini and *I Cannibali* into its extensive Embassy Pictures connections. These kinds of productions can hardly be classified as paying party dues; student revolutionaries are paying their own way.

Italy is not the only country on the student revolutionary bandwagon. During the past few years, Lindsay Anderson directed *If* in England, and Jean-Luc Godard made *Le Gai Savoir* in France as well as another student revolutionary film with Daniel Cohn-Bendit in Italy. Sjöman made the (*Blue*) mate of *I Am Curious* (*Yellow*) in Sweden. And Peter Zadek did *Ich bin ein Elefant, Madame* in Germany. This last film won a Silver Bear at the Berlin Festival in July, a festival so filled with student revolutionary films that the *Revue du Cinéma* commented, "There were only three themes—nudes, politics, and nude-politics." Europe's message over and over is: "Politics is where the action is."

When Antonioni wanted a different contemporary youth scene, he had to go to the States to find it for *Zabriskie Point*. When Fellini wanted variety, he had to build his first costume fantasy about another era.

The "do your own thing" films, the "youth as a human rather than as a political animal" films, exist as a solid bloc only in Czechoslovakia, where revolution is out and students and humans are in. *Loves of a Blonde, Closely Watched Trains,* and *The Martyrs of Love* are all related to the France of 1959 that produced *Breathless* and *The Cousins,* and to the America of 1969 that witnessed *Midnight Cowboy* and *Last Summer.*

How much of a difference is there between the romantic-Maoist Camillo, who scrawls *La Cina è Vicina* on the walls of the Socialist Party building, and the romantic-anarchist Wyatt of *Easy Rider*? What circumstances create one kind of film in America and another in Europe?

First, since there is a strong youth movement in politics in the United States, particularly in politics surrounding the Vietnam war, why haven't any films about these people been produced? There are film-makers interested in the movement with the talent to do the script and the directing; so one must assume that the hangups are on the financial end. Robert Downey's *Putney Swope* and a film called *Color Scheme* (which is scheduled for release late next year) have started tracking the black revolt, but the student revolution has yet to be used as more than an indigenous background for Establishment identification problems such as the one in Haskell Wexler's *Medium Cool.*

Abroad, the big U.S. companies are investing enormous amounts of money in co-production, but again the student revolutionary is very much out of the picture. True, *I Cannibali* will probably be distributed by Embassy. True, *La Cina è Vicina* was distributed by Columbia. And yes, Paramount released *If*. But releasing and distributing are nothing in comparison to mammoth production investments like the $70-million Paramount has sunk in five films including *Waterloo* and *The Adventurers*. Even in Europe, American producers are conservative politically.

On the other side of the same coin, why aren't there more do-your-own-thing films being made in Europe? There is a large mass of nonpolitical youth; every under-thirty one meets on the streets of Rome is not boning up on how to build benzine bombs.

The answer to this question, I think, lies in a difference of self-image among the youth. In Europe, kids think of themselves as primarily working within the established order. During the past two years, students have become deeply involved in overthrowing the Establishment, but this is thought of as a political activity rather than a sociological one. Philosophy is involved, but it is principally Marxist, not Thoreauvian. It leads to displacing leaders and rules rather than life-styles.

This self-image difference is reflected in how society looks at youth. The under-thirties are now regarded as a commercial bloc in the United States, as a group that means money to Madison Avenue. We dig somebody's music and Columbia Records slaps on the label. We like Mike Nichols's films, and Paramount gives him a free hand with the final cutting of *Catch-22*. We may not be overjoyed with all this attention, but we do *expect* it.

In Europe, the students or *i vitelloni* or whatever the Establishment happens to be calling youths these days are thought of either as revolutionaries or as mental lightweights who can be satisfied with upsexed Debbie Reynolds comedies such as *Dove Vai, Tutta Nuda?,* punchy Westerns, or detective stories. The enormous success of *The Graduate, Easy Rider,* and *Goodbye, Columbus* will probably bring about some boardroom rethinking, but such developments have not yet leaked out from under Carlo Ponti's door.

Still, the issue comes back to what *is* youth's thing in Europe. In Italy, France, and Germany, it is politics for the under-thirties who are rebelling against the Establishment. They're not dropping out. They're not building their own psychology, their own philosophy, their own red-white-and-blue Peter Max world. Farther north, kids are more independent. They have money and a commercial weight that is respected. Reflecting this, films about youth in England and Sweden have not been so uni-topical. England has not only *If* but the pop scene of the Beatles' and the Rolling Stones' films and the young working-class contexts of *Poor Cow*. Sweden has the sexual conflicts of *Curious (Yellow)* and the alienation of *They Call Us Misfits.*

Around the corner from Marco's bar where the Berlin students met last year, the Filmstudio 70 shows American underground films as well as the *Cinegiornale*. This time it's Andy Warhol. The place is packed. The black, white, and turquoise Mondrian interior is filled with straight smoke and the conflict between Belocchio's Camillo and Dennis Hopper's Wyatt. "What is this?" asks André, a French student who stands between the audience and the screen. He has been in Rome for weeks, but no one knows his last name. He is small and bent and bearded. Around his head and shoulders, Viva's shape from the screen envelops him, and her fiddle voice patters on unremittingly. André shouts: "Filth! Capitalistic decadence! Rotten raping of your mind! How long are you going to keep consuming this pig swill?"

"*Basta*!" yells a heckler among the mooing catcalls and cacophony. "You and your politics! Go over to city hall —that's all you're good for!" There's a lot of conflict left to be filmed.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

At the End of the Year

IN LUCHINO VISCONTI'S *The Damned*, members of a German industrialist family called the von Essenbachs rise up like monstrous, yet lifelike, apparitions out of the Nazi miasma of the early Thirties. And it can probably be said with confidence that no film has managed to get this close to probing the decadence that, historically speaking, accompanied Hitler's ascension to power. Visconti, a stickler for detail, not to say a master of it, moves his story slowly, almost ponderously—as befits a film he originally titled "Götterdämmerung"—intertwines it with baneful occurrences out of history, and finally ends it on a weird and shameful note, not unlike the final moments of Adolf and Eva.

If one wants to look for a parallel, I suppose it can be found in the Krupps, and without too much fear of libel. But Visconti (and his two coauthors, Nicola Badalucco and Enrico Medioli), although he gives us more scandal than Jacqueline Susann could possibly cope with, had something else in mind; *The Damned* is essentially a study of corruption. Corruption of power, of morality, and, not the least, of sexuality.

Thus, within this family, owners of a vast steelworks in the Ruhr, there is patricide, murder, child rape, and incest, all of it part of a scheming and conniving for power, and much of it masterminded by a shadowy figure, a man called Aschenbach, who is a cousin of the Essenbachs, but more importantly a high official in the S.S., just then emerging to its high estate. The web that Visconti has him weave is complex and at the same time highly colored, like Italian opera of the nineteenth century. And, if it were not so hypnotically handled by the director, it probably *would* seem like florid opera.

As it is, it is fascinating. There were, after all, monsters such as these. Martin, the young scion of the family (Helmut Berger), is probably the most interesting, albeit repellent. A transvestite, his sexuality is diverse enough to include the seduction of little girls and finally of his mother, who is played in strangely greenish make-up by Ingrid Thulin. Another is Baron Constantine (Rene Kolldehoff), a Neanderthal nephew hoping for power by inheritance. He gets his during the infamous and all but incredible "Night of the Long Knives," which is re-created stunningly and sickeningly by Visconti, in the one lengthy sequence of the film. On that June 30th of 1934, armed troops moved into a lakeside village in Bavaria and mowed down a convention of Ernst Röhm's elite S.A. forces, then the "interior *army*" of Germany, in which homosexuality was not only rife, but evidently preferred, certainly by Röhm himself.

Present at the massacre is a Macbeth-like "hero," Friedrich, who, through attaching himself to Hitler and the S.S., and with the aid of a convenient couple of murders, consolidates his position as top man of the steelworks. Unfortunately, he also represents the one piece of miscasting in the film, for, in the largely Germanic cast, Dirk Bogarde still seems a somewhat lugubrious Englishman who keeps selling his soul over and over again to the devil. All this is elegantly sordid and somewhat overlong (there is rumored to have been some cutting done by Visconti, and this may account for a few odd breaks in continuity), but it nevertheless keeps one's eyes riveted on that richly adorned screen.

The Thirties may well turn out to be a most fruitful decade for cinematic development. While seemingly in retrospect a mass psychosis prevailed in Germany, peculiar forms of frenzy developed here, among them a popular method of torture called the dance marathon. Taken from the Horace McCoy novel, *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* chronicles the madness to blistering and sardonic effect, and adds to it some Existentialist overtones that were first discovered by French writers and intellectuals when the novel appeared there in translation.

I was never much of a fan of the book. It certainly seemed minor, when set beside Faulkner, Hemingway, Steinbeck, and Fitzgerald, and it was marred by melodrama, but time and the French have given it luster, and Hollywood would now and then show interest in it, only to slacken because of the "downbeat" nature of the story. But "downbeat" has become box-office —note *Easy Rider* and *Midnight Cowboy*—and *They Shoot Horses. . .* fits right in with a current mood. In fact, a virtual brouhaha developed over who would make the film; the first version was written by James Poe and was scheduled to be directed by him. The version that we see has been directed by Sydney Pollack, and he indicates that it was written to his satisfaction by Robert E. Thompson. The Screenwriters Guild, which arbitrates these matters, has distributed screenplay credit evenly between Poe and Thompson. At any rate, it is a fine version—with two qualifications I'll mention in a moment—and it puts Pollack firmly into the ranks of the major American film directors.

Pollack (and presumably Poe and

(*Continued on page* 39)

Jane Fonda and Michael Sarrazin in "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?"—puts Sydney Pollack "into the ranks of the major American film directors."

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The Young Protestants

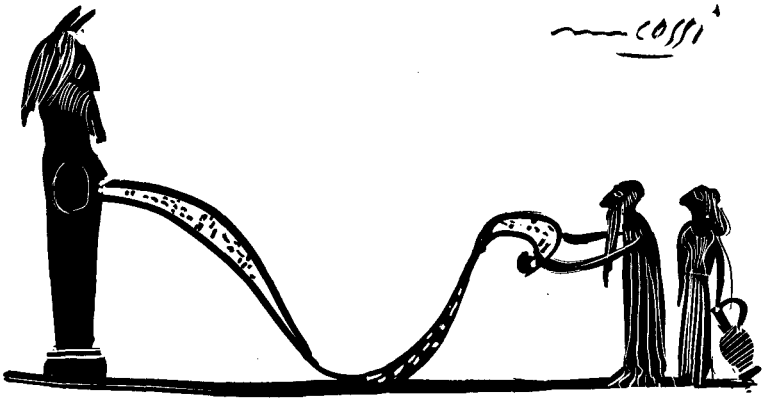
Despite the political pretexts and overtones of the monthly Vietnam moratoriums, some of the events display the characteristics of what is essentially a religious quest. Beneath the speeches, signs, and marches there seems to be a groping attempt to find a new American Dream, a faith or idea that could provide society with a rationalizing coherence and private lives with meaning.

The search is necessary because sometime during the past ten or fifteen years the ideals and hopes of the liberal, social myth that gave birth to and nourished a growing country were, in effect, realized, and, at that moment, the Dream lost its ability to explain the experiment and to inspire its participants.

The Dream was based on the assumption that society is perfectible through the beneficence of materialism and through the application of universalism increased prosperity would not only make life easier and more enjoyable, it would also improve its quality. Society would be a nobler place, and we would be more humane men.

The corollary was the belief that certain general values should be accepted by everyone for his own good and that the application of strategies based on these values would do for society whatever unrestrained economic growth could not. The values were those implied in the clichés of the Dream: the melting pot, Protestant ethic, rugged individualism, Yankee ingenuity, Horatio Alger, land of opportunity, one nation, indivisible.

It was also assumed that, when there were occasional, not too serious malfunctions, all that was needed was a new law, increased government spending, or a master plan. We had all the perquisites necessary to achieve the Dream. We just had to keep the GNP growing, wipe out ethnic, cultural, and regional differences, and play around with the gear levers of the social machinery.



We pulled out of the Depression and the war to become the wealthiest and most powerful nation on earth. We struck down the de jure and some of the de facto underpinnings of racism. Unemployment shrank to a point where we could say that a little bit of it was needed to counter inflation. We put men on the moon, and a Republican President has proposed a socialistic welfare system.

Isn't this what the Dream promised? Haven't all the slogans of the Founding Fathers been realized? At least for most people? And since most of us already share in the Dream, it is no longer a vital force; it cannot offer real hope for the still dispossessed, for the young, for anyone. It's Christmas morning and there are no more presents to unwrap.

That all of this is sensed by many young people should not be surprising, nor does it imply that they are endowed with special powers of perception. Neither are they any more virtuous, pure, or even humane than their fathers. Indeed, they are their fathers' sons and are just as capable of stupidity, self-righteousness, and viciousness.

But those who were born during or after World War II were born into a set of historical circumstances that allowed them no other alternative but to renounce the old Dream and to grope for a new one. The old Dream was achieved by their fathers, who, denied their share of the promises of America by years of Depression and war, lived and worked during the Fifties with a determination so grim and devoid of the joy of life that in desperation their children created their own vibrant culture and began to express their emotions through such outlets as rock 'n' roll music.

One of the most important aspects of this development was that the young learned to fill the void of personal emotions with the feelings implied in the drama of public events they saw on TV screens: Korea, the Army-McCarthy hearings, Hungary, Little Rock, the Congo. Last month's gathering in Washington then, like that in Woodstock last summer, was a logical and necessary form of expression for a generation that has grown up in the Fifties and Sixties groping for a new Dream. The March Against Death, the tear gassings, and the November 15 march and rally were all forms of coming together, of sharing an emotion and a moment, participating in a ritual with those who share a common, inarticu-

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late faith, not just about the war but about life.

The junior from Ann Arbor ("I grew up in Royal Oak, a suburb of Detroit. Not much is happening there.") trudged in the evening chill from Arlington to the White House, where she shouted out the name on her placard and then continued on down Pennsylvania Avenue, ignoring, like everyone else, the pleas of the marshals to stay in single file. They wanted to be together. ("I dropped out of school for a year and worked in an advertising agency, but I really had nothing in common with the kids there. They talked only about fiancés and money. I couldn't wait to get back to school.") At the Capitol we dropped the placards into the coffins, blew out the candles, and she turned and said quietly, "It gives you a funny feeling, doesn't it?" And then, "Well, so long. It was nice."

At the Washington Monument on Saturday it was not the speeches nor even the fact that they were protesting against the policies of the man who sat a few hundred yards away watching the Ohio State-Purdue game. What counted was that they were partaking of the communion, passing joints and brandy, genuflecting and singing. It was not a somber protest. It was a celebration, a hoping for hope. When Richie Havens or Pete Seeger sang, the crowd sang and swayed their bodies and their outstretched arms with the V-ed fingers. When the cold began to get down to the bones and the cast of *Hair* came on to sing "Aquarius" and "Let the Sunshine In," they could no longer stand to stare at a platform they could not see nor at the backs of heads. They had to see each other and to move. They formed circles, and, as the sun slipped down behind the Potomac, they danced and sang and looked one another in the face.

As satisfying as such experiences are, and as necessary, they are not sufficient. Not because they are not enough to end the war, but because the good vibrations that the young come together to groove on, like real vibrations, fade away. The essence of any ritual is too abstract and detached from daily experience for it alone to provide the self-sustaining qualities that gave the old Dream its continued relevance, but the search for a new Dream is also attempting to develop new forms, new ways of living, new attempts to deal with the process of life and not with the achievement of redemption. Ironically, the quest will be assisted by President Nixon's equivocation on the war and by his attempts to repress and discredit dissent, but even if the President should reverse these policies the quest will go on.

—Wallace Roberts.

Letters to the Editor

Agnew and the Iceberg

The title was a very appropriate one for Robert Lewis Shayon's editorial "The Tip of the Iceberg" [*SR*, Nov. 29]. He nibbles away at the tip of the iceberg of his own purely gratuitous assumptions on what he thinks Vice President Agnew meant, but he never addresses himself to the specifics of what Mr. Agnew actually said. It is interesting that both the major TV networks and the White House received so many complaints about the one-sided criticism, not debate, by the TV newscasters of President Nixon's speech, and this before Mr. Agnew had even launched his counter-broadside.

It is also incredible to me that Shayon would use the *Red Lion* decision of the Supreme Court to support his iceberg since Agnew is the one who is pleading for, not decrying, "the presentation of vigorous debate" rather than a specious denunciation of the President's speech. A debate in the Supreme Court decision cited presupposes *two* sides, and I think in all fairness it must be admitted that one side was conspicuously missing. Agnew undoubtedly distorts the news, but he is an elected Republican officeholder so we all know where he stands. TV commentators are not elected, nor should they be, but neither should they be so overwhelmingly of one narrow political persuasion. "A multiplication of the voices that have access to the medium" is just what is needed today, and what I understood Agnew to be asking for.

Mrs. Shirley Wright,
Grosse Pointe Shores, Mich.

Barzun's Perspective

As a graduate student, I read Jacques Barzun's "Tomorrow's University—Back to the Middle Ages?" [*SR*, Nov. 15] with much despair. His predictable hypothesis of an activist induced university takeover is a symptom of a liberal paranoia comparable to the "Red under every bed" of the extreme Right. It is this liberal rationalization for inactivity in educational reform that has given birth to much student activism.

What the student activists are saying is they don't buy such justification for a dehumanizing status quo that allows university administrators to comply with a war they abhor, and to defend an educational system that they know discriminates against students from minority cultures.

By blaming only the students Barzun in a sense is justifying the reaction. Ironically, his incomplete analysis has become a part of the reaction.

Alan D. Segal,
Francisco, Calif.

Not So Amused

Re: The anecdote related by Jerome Beatty, Jr. [trade winds, Nov. 22], concerning instructions for self-service elevators in a Belgrade hotel. I believe it is in poor taste to make fun of foreign countries trying their best to help visitors. I suppose the column was trying to be funny, but all those instructions are understandable and make sense, if not in correct English. How many hotels in New York City, in comparison, a place where most of the visiting Europeans land by plane or ship, have instructions in their elevators printed in French, German, Spanish, Russian, or Italian? Or even in one of these languages? Humor is quite different from inept ridicule.

Albert Y. Bernard,
West Newton, Mass.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Kertész at the Philharmonic

ANY CONDUCTOR who opens a guest engagement with Mozart's divine Serenade in B flat (K. 361) for wind ensemble and follows it with Bartók's *Bluebeard's Castle*, as István Kertész did at his first performance with the New York Philharmonic, deserves credit for a sophisticated approach to a perennial problem. That is to say, how to identify oneself, in the minds of the players as well as in the eyes of the audience, as something other than that un-novel novelty, the Guest Conductor.

In terms of what was once extolled as the manly art of self-defense (karate is probably the contemporary equivalent), it suggested a feint to the heart (Mozart) as preliminary to a crusher to the solar plexus (Bartók). Artistically, the intent was unassailable, if, from time to time, one had the feeling that Kertész's aim was affected by uncertain footwork.

The beautiful Serenade is a work of such refinement that it seldom is included on the programs of symphony orchestras, where rehearsal time must be meted out like nickels in an automat. There were, perhaps, some side benefits to Kertész in coming exactly *après*-Szell, whose guest engagement left the orchestra in its best playing condition in years. And the group of a dozen gathered in a semicircle around him produced beautifully smooth, rounded sound that testified to their appreciation of the opportunity thus presented. Included among them were such Philharmonic wind instrument principals as Stanley Drucker, clarinet, and Harold Gomberg, oboe. Others, less familiar, deserved identification in the program (which none received).

The totality might have come even closer to an ideal had not some corners been cut (perhaps in the interests of time). The first Minuet was omitted altogether (disturbing more than a little Mozart's carefully balanced alternation of tempi in the seven movements), and repeats in several of the movements were excluded. Also disturbing to the kind of tonal temple erected by Mozart was the substitution, as foundation to the sound structure, of the contrafagott for the string bass. There was, to be sure, a visible double bass played with typical artistry by Robert Brennand, but he was restricted for the most part to the *pizzicati* in the later movements (which could hardly be played by a bassoon in any circumstance).

For the performance of the powerful Bartók score, Kertész brought along two vocalists of his own national background, to permit use of the Hungarian text of Béla Balázs as set by the composer. Andras Farago qualified with few reservations as an excellent Bluebeard, assured in manner, firm in sound. Olga Szonyi, as Judith, was also assured in manner, but not so firm in sound, and altogether more seductive to look at than to hear. For a time this could have been related to the unfamiliar surroundings, but there wasn't too much abatement of wide vibrato and unwanted variations of pitch further on. When he could work in his own way with the orchestra, alone, especially in the climactic moments toward the end, Kertész showed qualities of musicianship and command comparable to those he had demonstrated as visiting conductor of the Philadelphia ensemble.

At her most recent appearance in Carnegie Hall, Alicia de Larrocha presented what might be described as an all non-Spanish program. Rather than her celebrated Granados, Albéniz, Turina, and Soler, the printed list provided Couperin, Bach, Poulenc, Mendelssohn, and Grieg, for which she is less celebrated. It was not an unqualified success, but the qualifications were relative only to the circumstance that in one repertory she is presently unparalleled, in the other subject to the rigorous comparison.

To bracket Couperin, Bach, and Poulenc is to suggest the beginning, middle, and end of an average program sequence. However, there is nothing in the least average about Mme. de Larrocha's functioning. Couperin did begin: His *Les Roseaux* served as a kind of stimulating aural *apéritif* for what was to follow. Full of trills, turns, mordents, and *agréments* generally, its faultless execution served not only to attune Mme. de Larrocha's fingers to the keyboard, but also to fine-tune her audience's ears to what was to follow.

This included her juxtaposition of Bach and Poulenc. Not many pianists would have thought of it, but Mme. de Larrocha found a congenial meeting ground in the sixth of the former's French Suites and the latter's *Suite Française (d'après Claude Gervaise)*. To be sure, Poulenc had the advantage of knowing Bach's practices in shaping his own result; but the cantor of Leipzig could afford that disadvantage. The Sixth Suite (in E) is one of the most sophisticated in its duality of character (independent identities of right and left hands), richness of contrapuntal interplay, and fanciful elaboration of dance forms ("Courante," "Bourrée," "Gigue," etc.).

Mme. de Larrocha met all the challenges head on, sometimes a little aggressively so, resulting in a tonal production in excess of what was required, even in the largish surroundings. Pedaling, too, was at variance with what would have best served the music (very little, if any). As applied to the Poulenc, which was otherwise enveloped in a warm surge of sensitivity shaped by affection and illuminated by understanding, it blurred outlines and effaced some distinguishing characteristics of the composer.

When Mme. de Larrocha returned from a brief breather off-stage to play the next work, she continued her disregard for chronological niceties by turning back to Mendelssohn for what was designated, simply, as Caprice, Opus 33. The time element was of no consequence, for she has the capacity to establish an atmosphere relative to anything she plays, regardless of what has preceded. But there was an impression, for a while, that she was working her way into its mood by the kind of arpeggiating that was common in times past with such artists as Hofmann, Paderewski, Godowsky, et al., to assist the listener's adjustment from the key in which one work ended to that in which the next began. However, it turned out that this was No. 1 of the three in Opus 33, and it does, indeed, have such an arpeggiated introduction. Mme. de Larrocha played the piece in her own timeless way, which is to say freshly Mendelssohnian. The post-intermission period included sonatas of Ginastera and Grieg, eventually encores from her Spanish repertory.

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The Atomization of the Human Spirit

by JOHN LEAR

When *SR*'s editor invited me in 1955 to consider editing, within *Saturday Review*, a new monthly supplement concerned with the impact of science on society, we agreed to begin by soliciting the reactions of 200 eminent scientists in the United States and abroad by letter. One of the names on the list we drew up was that of the late J. Robert Oppenheimer. Although I had never met Oppenheimer, I had listened to many idolatrous praises of him and had often been caught up by the cadences of his writing. Great expectations therefore went through my mind from the moment I received the suggestion that I visit him at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. He was a genial luncheon host and an avid audience for my spirited recital of Mr. Cousins's hopes. After hearing me out, he sagged in his chair, puffed on his pipe for several minutes without uttering a word, gazing sadly the while through me towards some distant whereabout, and then spoke approximately as follows:

> Here is what I think you should do.
> First, go to a well-established philanthropic foundation—say Rockefeller or Ford. Apply for a grant to support your experiment in scientific communication. Make the request a very large one. A million dollars, perhaps; or a million and a half. If you ask less, they won't listen to you.
> After you have the money, choose an advisory board of eminent scientists whose names will lend prestige to your efforts. Pay these men well—very well—well enough to make it worth their while to tell you what subjects you should write about, when those subjects are worth writing about, and what the approach should be.
> Then choose, as your reporters, a corps of bright young scientists. Each should be a trained specialist in his field. He should write only about his field.

Inwardly, I wondered at the assurance with which Oppenheimer assigned the supplement's editor a clerk's role. Outwardly, I voiced a mild doubt about the broad social effect of such a tightly controlled of-, by-, and for-science project as he had described. I also expressed the wish to stand on my own feet financially and to earn my way rather than risk a parasitic existence dependent on a charitable host's possibly whimsical living habits.

Oppenheimer looked at me quizzically, as though I were speaking a strange, incomprehensible language. When he spoke again his voice was dry, tinged with exasperation.

"In that case," he said, "you had better not try to make much of your supplement."

He rose from his chair, offering his hand. I was dismissed.

In spite of this unexpected rebuff, which I thought might be due in part to the strain he had endured throughout and since his "trial" and "conviction" as a national security risk the year before, I invited Oppenheimer to contribute to the "Where Is Science Taking Us?" feature of the inaugural issue of the *SR* Science and Humanity Supplement in March 1956. "Where Is

THE OPPENHEIMER CASE, by Philip M. Stern with Harold P. Green *(Harper & Row, 591 pp., $10)*; **THE SWIFT YEARS, by Peter Michelmore** *(Dodd, Mead, 273 pp., $6.95)*; **TONGUES OF CONSCIENCE, by R. W. Reid** *(Walker, 352 pp., $7.50)*; **THE INTELLECTUAL MIGRATION, edited by Donald Fleming and Bernard Bailyn** *(Belknap Press/Harvard, 748 pp., $12.95)*; **ATOMIC SHIELD 1947/1952: Volume II of the History of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, by Richard G. Hewlett and Francis Duncan** *(Pennsylvania State University Press, 718 pp., $11.95)*.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

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Science Taking Us?" consisted of outlines for significant new experiments in scientific research. It was an ideal vehicle for any imaginative scientist who wanted to share his intellectual excitement with intelligent laymen. From the tenor of his writings alone, I judged Oppenheimer an ideal communicant. Furthermore, he was the man who more than any other had fashioned scientific theory into the most terrible weapon man had ever seduced from nature; he had assembled and held together the team that made the first nuclear fission bomb.

My invitation found him on holiday in the Caribbean. He wired the following reply:

> IN RESPONSE TO YOUR TELEGRAM FEB 18 WOULD STRESS LACK OF EFFORT AND RESOURCES FOR DEVELOPMENT OF FOOLPROOF SYSTEM OF INTERCONTINENTAL PREFRONTAL LOBOTOMY WHICH WOULD GIVE US WHOLE NEW ORDER OF SECURITY.

With this message, I think, Oppenheimer marked the nadir of a retreat into himself. Three days after receiving the telegram, I wrote him a letter that began:

> I am going to frame your telegram. As wit, it is priceless. But I am not going to print it because I believe it would be misinterpreted to your disadvantage. And, in my opinion at least, your contribution to contemporary society has been too great to allow that on top of the disgraces already perpetrated.

The letter went on to invite him to write a full-length elucidation of a brief remark he had recently made at the American Institute of Physics: "Much could, and some should, be said of many of the practices by which we waste ourselves and our colleagues and the treasure of their genius . . ."

He did not reply, and I never heard from him again.

I count my experience with Oppenheimer one of the most revealing of my fifteen years as *SR*'s science editor. Though he thought of himself as a bard of humanity, Oppenheimer did not understand the common man and was not in fact interested in cultivating an understanding. The human brotherhood he sincerely sang of was one that would blindly accept the guidance of a scientific élite, which would judge itself according to its own lights. He exercised what he presumed to be his élite prerogative when he misled government security agents on the nature of his relationship with pro-Communists, and again when he leaked information about his "trial" to *The New York Times* after agreeing to remain silent. He was far from alone in his attitudes. Indeed, the whole scientific

—*Gaby (Pix).*

J. Robert Oppenheimer — his view was the humane view."

community had been encouraged in such oligarchical ambitions by all White House occupants beginning with Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Since every élite has a similar ambition for itself, the scientific élite ought not to be condemned but simply and honestly challenged to justify its claim to privilege. Curiously, no challenge worth mentioning is made in any of the small shelfful of new books that have been appearing in these last weeks of 1969 on the subject of Oppenheimer's ordeal. Four of the authors—Philip M. Stern and Harold P. Green in *The Oppenheimer Case*, R. W. Reid in *Tongues of Conscience*, and Peter Michelmore in *The Swift Years*—focus on the issue of secrecy and its consequences. But only Leo Szilard, conscience-stricken Father of the Bomb, puts the matter in true perspective. His posthumous notes, published as a chapter in *The Intellectual Migration*, edited by Donald Fleming and Bernard Bailyn, remind us that the policy of nuclear secrecy did not originate with either politicians or soldiers but with the scientists themselves, who practiced it informally and voluntarily while government circles were still ignorant of the possibility of a nuclear explosive.

Oppenheimer's dilemma—shared by all other scientists of his period—was that after the scientific élite had sold ordinary people on the benefits of and need for secrecy, the sales pitch could not be erased from the popular mind. We can grant Oppenheimer all the grandness of purpose claimed for him by his staunchest supporters and still not be able to altogether damn the military men and politicians who suspected his motives in trying to reverse the spell cast by his own band of scientific magicians.

No one who carefully reads *Atomic Shield 1947/1952*, the second volume in the Richard G. Hewlett and Francis Duncan history of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, can quit the book with any doubt of Oppenheimer's innocence of Communist spying or other disloyalties to the American system that gave him fame. It is equally plain from this official history that Oppenheimer (along with many others, including President Richard Nixon's science advisor Lee DuBridge) originally and vigorously opposed Edward Teller's big push for a hydrogen fusion bomb. The complex of Oppenheimer's reasons is more convincingly documented in the history than in any other books I have read. The weaknesses of calculating machines were involved, as well as the powers of calculating persons.

According to Szilard's posthumous notes, there was a time when Oppenheimer did not expect the A-bomb to amount to much more than a big bang. After Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Oppenheimer's thoughts turned in the opposite direction. As chairman of the General Advisory Committee to the AEC, his main job was to expound the laws of physics as they applied to modern war. Having witnessed the enormous devastation the A-bomb was capable of, he could not conceive of any genuinely military target big enough to call for an H-bomb. He argued in military terms for smaller tactical weapons. He thereby delighted the Army, the Marine Corps, and the Navy, but outraged the Air Force, which had bitterly fought its way up to the lion's share of the military budget through the massive vengeance appeal of long-range, high-flying bombers. To the officers of the Strategic Air Command, Oppenheimer represented an intolerable threat to the continuance of SAC's hegemony. He had to be got out of the way. And he was. That his view was the humane view became lost in the raw struggle for power.

Sixteen years after the Oppenheimer "trial," seven years after Oppenheimer's restoration to honor by President John F. Kennedy, three years after Oppenheimer's death, the new Oppenheimer books that are now in the shops (plus another scheduled for early 1970 publication: Houghton Mifflin's *The Great Weapons Heresy*, by Thomas W. Wilson, Jr.) can help America recapture perspective. Their common theme is as timely as Vietnam, where the question of the hour echoes in global anguish: How indis-

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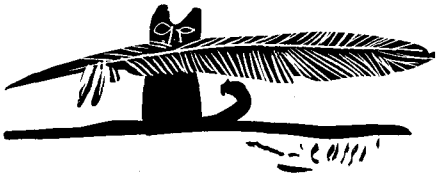
criminately can we kill fellow humans and still remain human ourselves?

Individual American soldiers have said that they and other American soldiers personally confronted and shot to death unarmed Vietnam civilians, including women and children. Many more helpless noncombatants have been just as ruthlessly destroyed in the "softening" blows rained on the Vietnam countryside by American bombing planes. Is murder at a distance any less murderous?

That was the real question that rang throughout "the matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer." He himself never



phrased it anywhere near that succinctly. One of his scientific colleagues on AEC's General Advisory Committee, Isidor Rabi of Columbia University, came closer to the mark when he asked, "What were you buying if you got this thing [the H-bomb]?" Worth remembering, though generally forgotten, is the identity of the GAC member who reduced the matter to the language of everyman. He was Hartley Rowe. Not a scientist but a businessman, Rowe forthrightly called the H-bomb a weapon "against civilization . . . not against the military." Then he said:

> I don't like to see women and children killed wholesale because the male element of the human race are so stupid that they can't get out of war and keep out of war.

WIT TWISTER #145

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The hapless _ _ _ _ _ has
shrieked her last.

The _ _ _ _ _, now sated,
ambles past.

Unheeding _ _ _ _ _ the
glacial streams,

Awakened from deep, ice-
bound dreams.

(*Answer on Page* 60)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Under the Skin

BENJAMIN DEMOTT'S REVIEW of Joyce Carol Oates's *them* [*SR*, Nov. 22] makes us realize the necessity, in criticism, of reading with care the book you happen to be reviewing.

It is of course apparent at once that Mr. DeMott is endowed with brains and perception and a good vocabulary. In fact, he made me feel a little like Maureen Wendall, sitting dazed and uncomprehending in her college classroom, as all those grand-sounding words rolled over my head. I don't mean that the review is pitched too high. Most of what we get lately is pitched too low. But putting words down on paper is not difficult. What is immensely difficult is what the talented Miss Oates is able to do—crawl inside another person's skin and make us feel as they feel, halfway understand them, ache for them, run with them, be ashamed for them, be blunted and hate-choked with them.

None of the scenes which give this book its vitality are even mentioned: the one about Maureen in the library when she sits thinking just before she has to leave; Loretta, after the fire in Detroit, timidly reaching out in conversation with her fellow refugees; the final scene between Jules and Maureen at the close of the novel.

Perhaps *them* does not enlarge human understanding for Mr. DeMott; it did for me. It is not a perfect novel, flawed, for one thing, by its length (and I admit that I wish Miss Oates wouldn't strain to be clever; she doesn't need to strain) but it is a real achievement, nevertheless. I hope that the reading public, who are now absorbed with love-by-machine, the latest back-stairs gossip, and the most recent hoax, find their way to *them*.

ELIZABETH ALLEN,
Tulsa, Okla.

IFF

RE: WILLIAM CORSON'S review of *Truth Is the First Casualty: The Gulf of Tonkin Affair* [*SR*, Nov. 1]:

What a moronic (I realize this adjective may be a little harsh, but it is so appropriately accurate) way of attacking the "inadequacies of the information/decision system of President Johnson" by relating them to the actions of a solitary sailor with a firing key. This description may be good copy for the uninitiated and the "adventurous" reader. In any court, it would be tossed out by the judge as immaterial and irrelevant. If sailor Park did not close his trigger, it was only because he had suspicion that his target at that particular time *was* the *Turner Joy*.

All gunnery personnel aboard U.S. men o' war perform their duties in a uniform and standardized manner. The alertness which sailor Parks exercised has been universally demanded of all fire control personnel, since the introduction of Ordnance in naval ships. When Parks assumed correctly that his order to fire "in anger" might destroy a friendly ship, he also demonstrated an awareness of a basic and rudimentary principle of IFF (identification of friend or foe). The innuendo implicit in the statement that "the possible consequences are too frightening to contemplate" in itself is frightening, for it falsely attributes responsibility to a source (White House) far removed from the scene of action.

In 1942, while a young ensign on *USS Eberle* (DD930), I was completely drenched, along with many other topside personnel, from the splash of a full salvo from one of our accompanying destroyers which carried eight 5" guns. A German sub had just crash-dived, and in the short melee that followed, our ship was mistaken for the sub. I'm sure that there are many thousands of officers and enlisted who "lived" in fire control directors and plotting rooms who can relate countless similar stories.

LEFTERIS LAVRAKAS,
Captain, U.S. Navy,
Defense Attaché,
American Embassy
The Hague

The Church and the Third Republic

DAVID SCHOENBRUN'S REVIEW OF William Shirer's *The Collapse of the Third Republic* in the November 8th *SR* neglected to comment on the fact that Shirer did not mention the insidious part the Catholic Church played in speeding up the collapse of the Third Republic.

In Shirer's earlier book, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, he did exactly the same cover-up job for the Catholic Church. In this case he didn't mention that Hitler could not have risen to power without the support of the Vatican. He did not put the Concordat between Pius XI and Hitler in the right perspective, and practically ignored the devious results of the cooperation between the Vatican and the Nazis.

W. W. OFFNER,
San Francisco, Calif.

Challenge to the Imagination

HAVING JUST FINISHED Daphne du Maurier's novel *The House on the Strand* I feel compelled to comment on Eileen Lottman's review [*SR*, Oct. 11].

I must applaud Miss Lottman for one statement: "Daphne du Maurier has taken this vast territory of the mind as a new frontier for her own particular kind of fiction."

This is Miss du Maurier's one facet in writing that makes each of her novels a completely new challenge to the imagination.

KEN BENSON,
Lima, O.

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Perspective

J. H. Plumb

Seen from a distance of centuries, turning points in the world's history look sharp and dramatic, and few more so than the conversion of the Emperor Constantine to Christianity after the cross appeared before him at the Battle of the Milvian Bridge, which he won against the odds. Only a few years previously the Tetrarchy, of which his father was a member, had conducted, particularly in the East, the most savage and ruthless persecutions the Christians had endured. Now all was changed. At Nicea the Emperor sat at the head of a Synod of Christian bishops deliberating on the wording of the Creed and the substance of the Trinity.

Naturally, the great Christian historians Lactantius and Eusebius of Caesarea highlight these events, when the devil and his works received so singular a rebuff. And yet, under the eye of a skillful, shrewd and realistic scholar like Ramsay MacMullen, how inevitable it all seems. As he demonstrates in *Constantine* (Dial, $7.95), the Emperor was compelled to take the actions he did by the very nature of his circumstances, and he moved cautiously. Before Constantine, Christianity had deeply penetrated the imperial courts; the ferocity of the Great Persecution was due to the strength and ubiquity of the Church in the East, which prevented the persecution from prevailing against it. Toleration possessed political value as rival emperors vied for power and sought popular support. The multitude of Christians in the East gave to the converted Constantine a powerful fifth column in his struggle against Licinius. But once successful, the Emperor remembered pagan Rome and the strength of its traditions. His public acts and statements are ambiguous, and he went on employing pagans at his Court until his death. The Church certainly was no longer persecuted; indeed, it was richly endowed with lands, jurisdictions and authority. Orthodoxy received state backing, heresy was persecuted, and paganism discouraged.

Seen through Professor MacMullen's eyes, this, once considered one of the most dramatic turning points in the history of the Western World, appears to have taken place so gradually that the ordinary men and women in the Western Roman Empire can scarcely have realized what was happening. The lesson would seem to be that great revolutions often steal on societies almost unawares.

There are other fascinating aspects to Professor MacMullen's book. The most pertinent for our own time is the way it shows how a point in social development arrives when, although the forces of reaction abetted by government authority can be whipped up into furious persecution, the apathy, indifference, or secret sympathy of the masses renders it nugatory. There are tides in human affairs that can never be stopped by any government once they have swept a significant segment of society into their current. Any attempt to stop such a fundamental trend is as hopeless as Canute's ordering the waves to retreat. Spiro Agnew might ponder this with profit.

History never loses its cunning. Today's dissidence too often becomes tomorrow's authority, and proves a poor exchange. The Christianity that triumphed with Constantine soon became a harsh, repressive monolith, hell-bent on extirpating dissent. Not content with this, its scholars attempted to change the whole ideology of the Western world: pagan beliefs were rooted out or transmogrified, temples were razed, oracles destroyed. History was forced into a Judaeo-Christian chronology, and the past became the sole property of the Church.

Yet the task of obliteration proved beyond the Church's powers, even in the Dark Ages. (And here would be a powerful lesson for Kosygin, Brezhnev, and the rest, if they were capable of learning it, for Russia alone has attempted an ideological revolution as vast as that initiated by the Christian Church in the fourth century.) Monks and even nuns surreptitiously read and copied their Ovid and turned to Horace for comfort. True, a vast amount of pagan literature was irretrievably lost (of the works of Tacitus, only one fragile manuscript remained), but enough survived to haunt men's imaginations. There were also the ruins—the broken arches, amphitheaters, crumbling walls—creating a sense of a past that was more complex, more civilized, more cultivated. And a past that will not die is a threat to any closed world of authority: a ghostly criticism of the present that nothing can exorcise.

In the end, not even the massive authority of the medieval Church could prevent the rebirth of the ancient pagan culture that gave Europe's intellectuals renewed confidence. It led to the recovery of nerve, the belief in the validity of the natural world and human happiness. This duality of Europe's past—pagan and Christian—did more. It helped to create history as we know it, for it posed a historical problem of a magnitude that no other civilization has faced, the contrast Gibbon expressed in the image of barefoot friars praying in the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter. How could it have happened, the collapse of such greatness into such poverty? The question is still unanswered.

Constantine provokes one to think far beyond its confines; for revolutionary changes in attitudes toward human life resonate long, long after they are originally made.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

A QUESTION OF TRANSPORTATION

These characters used the various means of transportation listed by Kate Kolber of Chicago, who wants you to match up each character with his vehicle. If the authors fail to help you identify the characters, you may consult the passenger list on page 34.

1. Aouda ( )
2. Ben Hur ( )
3. Sydney Carton ( )
4. Cleopatra ( )
5. Hugh Conway ( )
6. Huck Finn ( )
7. Lemuel Gulliver ( )
8. Frederic Henry ( )
9. Ishmael ( )
10. Lord Jim ( )
11. The Joads ( )
12. Sancho Panza ( )
13. Sinbad ( )
14. John Thornton ( )

A. ambulance
B. ass
C. chariot
D. dog sled
E. elephant
F. maharajah's plane
G. perfumed barge
H. raft
I. roc
J. sedan with truck top
K. steamer
L. tumbril
M. whaling ship
N. wood frame on 22 wheels

a. Anon.
b. Cervantes
c. Conrad
d. Dickens
e. Hemingway
f. Hilton
g. London
h. Melville
i. Shakespeare
j. Steinbeck
k. Swift
l. Twain
m. Verne
n. Wallace

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Megalopolitis

THE BROILERHOUSE SOCIETY

by Patrick Goldring

Weybright & Talley, 226 pp., $5.95

PATRICK GOLDRING is a man with a vision. Like most visionaries he probably won't be heeded; certainly Huxley and Orwell weren't, and Goldring's depiction of his plastic Britain differs pathetically little from theirs of twenty and thirty years ago. "We are on the way," he says, "to becoming a nation of processed people, scientifically conceived, produced and fed, educated by machinery, conditioned by television, housed in batteries of human nesting-boxes to live out our allotted spans before being sent to the electric furnaces of the crematoria."

In *The Broilerhouse Society*, which Goldring could well have subtitled "Twelve Essays on the Incipient Oblivion of Western Man," the image of the chicken factory-farm is applied with horrible accuracy to the life styles of an increasing majority of British citizenry in what is seen as the dying half of the twentieth century. Like T. S. Eliot's patient etherized, we exist as livestock, three-to-a-box in our high-rises and cubic cartons, the grand end products of an Industrial Revolution that has made it eminently more economical for us to live this way. That such life-control is degrading to the human spirit is, of course, of only passing interest to the people-farmers (who include, according to Goldring's marvelously sardonic Appendix, the Queen, parliament, the government bureaucracies at all levels, city planners, and Wimpy's).

The peculiar appeal of Goldring's apocalyptic vision is, of course, the sense of *déjà vu* that will be experienced by any sensate American reader; for, like Swift, Goldring shows us ourselves by ostensibly discussing a "foreign" culture. What England is becoming we have become: Huxley's Brave New World, revisited already—and five centuries too soon.

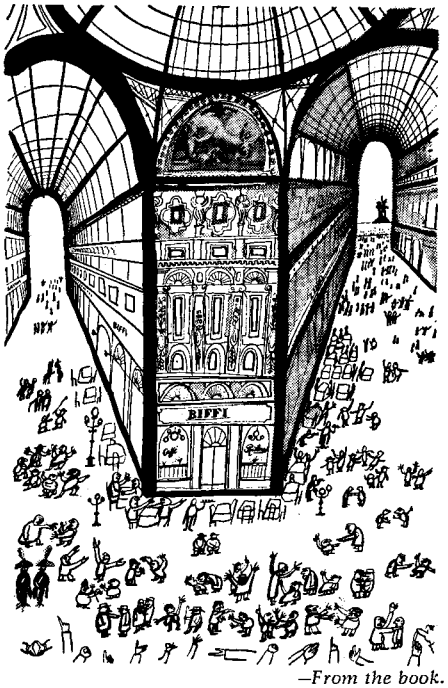
Goldring spares us nothing in his kaleidoscopic sweep across all segments of our Broilerhouse-packaged society. The archetypal organization for our organized age is the Automobile Association, "with a membership approaching four million and attendance at its annual general meeting often less than a hundred. It is ruled by a self-perpetuating oligarchy which speaks for and to the silent motoring millions . . . requiring from them in return no thought, no enthusiasm, no participation."

Just as in Orwell's nightmare society where Ignorance was Strength, in the Broilerhouse all value is similarly perverted and distorted: Morality is Utility and Society is Conformity, not Community. If now and then a Sir Francis Chichester sails alone around the world in a little boat to deny his nothingness, the Broilerhouse may tolerate it so long as the rest of us stay home and consume its products. Our sickness is such, Goldring laments, that windows are beginning to disappear from more and more architects' blueprints. With no windows the animals will breed better, since they won't be distracted by the depressingly bad weather outside caused by the people-farmers' fouling of the atmosphere. The next step is a society living beneath ground level, "in windowless human warehouses in the north of Scotland, in underground warrens beneath Hyde Park."

Goldring's book gives graphic support to the reasons why the young and other "free rangers" are opting out of our ever-enclosing systems. No recent social criticism in my memory so appallingly delineates the inexorable erosion of human integrity and individuality caused by the excesses of Western industrialism. Our very dreariness alone seems reason enough for youth's passive withdrawal from the Broilerhouse. With Goldring, though, one must wonder if the spirit of Woodstock will be enough to counter our lemming-like self-consumption.

Frank Cunningham

Frank Cunningham, a critic and essayist, is a member of the English Department at Lehigh University.



—From the book.

Drawing by Saul Steinberg of the Milan Galleria—"to the Italians . . . parlor and exchange."

STREETS FOR PEOPLE: A Primer for Americans

by Bernard Rudofsky

Doubleday, 351 pp., $14.95

THE PROBLEM OF THE AMERICAN CITY is both an important and a fashionable topic.

Opportunities now exist for ambitious scholars who have failed to make their mark in traditional disciplines like history, architecture, sociology, and political science: they can rename themselves "urbanologists" and become instant authorities in a growing field. Urban institutes are being founded, research is being funded, symposia are being held. There is a steady supply of new books, ranging from ponderous anthologies of previously unpublishable scholarly essays to quickie paperbacks for the browser.

Streets for People is distinguished from these volumes by the marked individuality of its author. Bernard Rudofsky is an immigrant from Vienna who has resided in New York for over thirty years. He has been an architect, an engineer, a designer of brilliant exhibitions, and the author of strikingly original books on architecture, costumes, customs, and cultural anthropology. He has certain habits which assure that he will never "make it" in the U.S. We respect certified specialists; Mr. Rudofsky is a defiant generalist in the obsolete tradition of Thomas Jefferson and Lewis Mumford. We expect our experts to be bland and vague; he is outrageously outspoken and relentlessly specific. We demand objectivity; he bends over backward to be unfair to people and places which he finds objectionable. We want our authors to praise American know-how and to prescribe it for less favored races in the struggle for life; Mr. Rudofsky looks at the towns of backward Italians and Spaniards, and he likes them better than the work of Americans with master's degrees in city planning.

These qualities, which have made the author most unpopular with the interlocking academic and governmental establishments, should recommend him to the private citizen and reader.

His latest book is dedicated "to the unknown pedestrian." Anglo-Saxons have never been much given to strolling in the city. The language provides a clue: "streetwalker" has a restrictive meaning. Most American cities were planned to maximize private profit with scant attention to the public streets left over between the building lots. Many other writers have contrasted the vibrant street life of Euro-

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pean towns with the barren American scene. Now "the streets of this country simply have too many unpleasant connotations to be popular—filth, soot, stenches, an absence of shade and shelter, hold-ups, murder, riots, parades, traffic lights ordering one to Stop, Wait, and Walk."

The author concentrates on New York because he thinks that "it illustrates the best and worst points of American towns." He writes about New York with the kind of cool irony and indignation that Edward Gibbon directed against decadent Byzantium. His descriptions of the city also sound like those in Franz Kafka's novel *Amerika*. Of course, Kafka never saw New York, while Mr. Rudofsky lives there; he does not just tell about the polluted air and the snow-clogged streets, he presents photographs taken from his own Manhattan window.

The reader is then introduced to a new world of urban delights in a dozen countries. Some of the examples are famous cities like Rome and Bologna; others are real discoveries. Few Americans have heard of the labryinthine town of Locorotondo in Apulia, "like a petrified merry-go-round . . . clouded with the white blossoms of almond trees." Few have ventured into the *suqs*, the mercantile streets of Moroccan cities, where "filtered sunlight trickles down from the canopies, weaving patterns across the pavement, showering sequins upon the milling crowd, igniting women's gauzy shrouds."

There are the pleasures of walking under porticoes, of promenading on the ramparts, of ascending and descending flights of stairs, of gathering at the fountain. "To the Italians, the street is parlor and exchange," still the scene of the religious procession, the flirtatious *corso*, the sidewalk café, the itinerant storyteller, the morning market, the ambulant vendor. Some of these experiences were never common in the U.S., and most have vanished from our city streets; the commercialized Thanksgiving parade is one of the few survivals.

The author sometimes overstates his strong case. He praises the outdoor food markets of Europe, but European visitors are invariably enchanted by the American supermarket. He claims that covered sidewalks are unknown in the U.S.; there are many, from New Orleans to Virginia City. He admires the superb Galleria Vittorio Emanuele in Milan (1867) and implies that nothing like it existed in the United States. New York, Philadelphia and Providence had shopping arcades before 1830; the Grand Court of the San Francisco Palace Hotel (1875) was almost as splendid as the pride of Milan; the Cleveland Arcade (1890) is still open.

Mr. Rudofsky is both a verbal and a visual man. He writes with great style and spirit. He has selected fascinating historic pictures and taken beautiful photographs for this book. *Streets for People* makes a fine gift: it is handsomer than most coffee table volumes, and it is a treat for the civilized reader.

John Maass

John Maass is an information officer of the City of Philadelphia, and an architectural historian.

"His last request is 'Honeysuckle Rose,' by Fats Waller."

Fiction

THE GANG THAT COULDN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT

by Jimmy Breslin

Viking, 249 pp., $5.95

YOU WIN A FEW, you lose a few. For Jimmy Breslin, nationally syndicated columnist and professional lowbrow, 1969 will be remembered as the year he ran unsuccessfully for New York City office, and made a very successful debut as a novelist. But let's make no predictions about 1970. *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*, which offers fun and games with the Mafia of South Brooklyn, is not going to win Jimmy Breslin many friends in the gun-happy set. Possibly the only Italian-American who will still like him is his wife, the former Rosemary Dattolico, and I wouldn't advise him to turn his back on her unless she signs a marital loyalty oath.

This wild and wacky body-strewn tale begins with Anthony Pastrumo, Sr., more commonly known as Baccala, described by the author as "the Sicilian Dean Rusk." He is sixty-eight years old, has three legal wives plus "a sixteen-year-old high-school senior as a friend," and is known to cry from laughter when he recalls the bubbles babies made as they drowned during the Sicilian revolt against the French. But the most important fact about Baccala is that he heads a Mafia family at least 1,000 members strong. (The Mafia, in case you didn't know it, is "a sort of Knights of Columbus that gets mad.")

As it takes two to make a blood bath, meet Kid Sally Palumbo, a charming young man whose sneer and personality is modeled on that of Tommy Udo as created by Richard Widmark in the film *Kiss of Death*, who gained screen immortality by pushing an old lady down a flight of stairs in her wheelchair. Kid Sally has been a comer ever since the day he pleased Baccala by running over Georgie Paradise. Of course, Kid Sally wants to be more than a comer. He wants to be the next Baccala, an ambition shared by his lovable grandma, Big Mama, a warm-hearted creature given to such sage advice as "Don't miss" when speaking to men carrying guns.

The storm clouds gather when Kid Sally louses up the six-day bike race, a project put in his charge by Baccala. Baccala reduces Kid Sally—Tommy Udo sneer and all—to a chauffeur's level, and the war is on.

What follows is a Sicilian Keystone comedy with the wildest set of characters since the heyday of Mack Sennett. It includes a very smelly young lion, a meter maid "big enough to be listed in

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Jane's Fighting Ships," and Mrs. Toregressa, whose talent for mourning makes her a must at all funerals. For the more sentimental there is even a love story of sorts between Kid Sally's sour sister, Angela, and Mario, a six-day bike rider who supports himself by pretending to be a priest while studying to become an art forger.

Not all the wild shots are fired by the rival gangs. Mr. Breslin, as he free-wheels through his story as narrator-commentator, also takes a few pot shots. Mr. J. Edgar Hoover and an unnamed Protestant mayor of New York City are among the wounded.

If I have a carp, it is a minor one. Mr. Breslin tends to get a bit too cute at times with his material. This occurs not when he is involved with his story, but when he steps out of it to play guide to his reader along the darker byways of Brooklyn. A faint aroma of amused condescension creeps into the pages, and there is the feeling of an all-knowing Breslin treating his readers as square tourists in a world they couldn't possibly know. But when he stops trying to entertain as a tough-jaded Brooklyn boulevardier and lets his brainchildren take over, *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight* is great fun. It has more corpses and at least as many laughs as *Arsenic and Old Lace.*

Haskel Frankel

Haskel Frankel is a free-lance writer and critic.

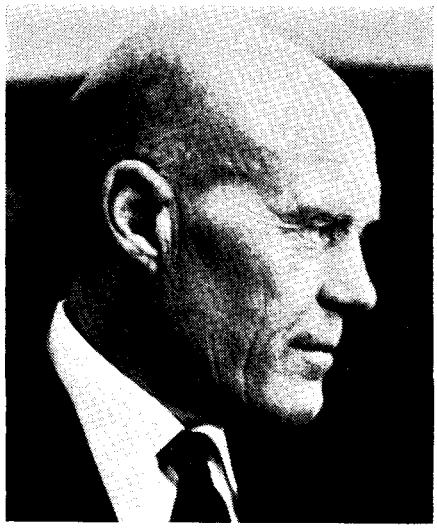
THE BIRDS

by Tarjei Vesaas, translated from the Norwegian by Torbjorn Stoverud and Michael Barnes

Morrow, 224 pp., $5

WHOEVER HAS DEVELOPED A TASTE for the special style of Tarjei Vesaas must have looked forward to seeing his masterpiece *Foglane (The Birds)* in English. Some Americans, with a deplorable aversion to the British brogue, may not welcome this translation, but it reads very smoothly, in some respects even more so than the original. Perhaps because of the urban quality and greater flexibility of English, some of the glaring spots in Vesaas's rugged *Nynorsk* have been toned down.

The plot, as always with Vesaas, is rudimentary. Mattis, the village simpleton, lives in a small house near a lake, together with his sister Hege, who earns a modest living knitting sweaters. From time to time she encourages her retarded brother to get work and help her cover the household expenses, but all Mattis's attempts



Tarjei Vesaas — "the dreams and frustrations of the outsider."

come to nothing. When finally he sets himself up as a ferryman, the only passenger he manages to bring across the lake is a lumberjack who becomes his sister's sweetheart. Mattis cannot adjust himself to this new situation.

If it is true, as Wittgenstein holds, that there are certain things which cannot be said but can be shown, then such things—taking the shape of symbols—are likely to exist particularly in the minds of people whose imagination is stronger than their power of rational discourse—children, the mentally retarded, and certain artists. In his "superiors" Mattis admires nothing so much as clear thinking and the mastery of language. To him, intellectuality is symbolized by lightning, something sharp and illuminating. He himself is unable to concentrate his efforts into one single thrust (such as carrying out a day's work), yet life seems to offer him compensations. To his primitive mind things inanimate and animate alike communicate: the tiny tracks of the woodcocks' feet stand for friendship, their flight over his house signifies security, beauty, and promise of great things (usually erotic) to come. Not all of nature's manifestations are so reassuring: death is ever-present, and stares at him from the dark lake or the deep eyes of a dead woodcock. Some of its truths are unpleasant to face: in the stunted growth of some young pine trees Mattis sees a picture of his own reduced manhood.

What we have in the last resort is not so much a picture of the mentally retarded as a portrait of the artist. Mattis gazing at his own reflection in the mirror, or sucking hard candy, or reveling in faintly disguised sexual dreams, is the poet watching his own self-indulgence with almost embarrassing honesty. In our masculine society the artist is no longer a full man; he is more like a child, whom only women can endure. They long to mother the helpless, and they have an inborn capacity for accepting a child's gambols.

Among *The Birds*'s many accomplishments perhaps the most charming is the interaction of Mattis and his ladies. Vesaas has drawn them with great love, and Mattis is naturally attracted to them. They are not repulsed by him, but find his eyes beautiful beyond description. Perhaps this is so because his eyes reflect the dreams and frustrations of the outsider, sentiments shared by many women.

The Birds has much in common with Ibsen's *The Wild Duck,* from the central symbol to the sacrificial act that concludes the book. Mattis's heroic decision as described by Vesaas is deeply moving and deserves comparison with Hedvig's fate. In Ibsen the doctor warns the parents: "You can please yourself how much you want to muck up your own personal affairs . . .But one thing I know: that the child is also part of the marriage. And you should leave the child in peace." Vesaas reminds his readers that however much our times need intelligence, responsibility, and purposeful action, poetry and play can never be dispensed with by a society that wishes to remain human and humane.

Harald S. Naess

Harald S. Naess is professor of Scandinavian studies at the University of Wisconsin.

(*Fiction reviews continued on page* 34)

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 1377

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1377 will be found in the next issue.

E ASK PIEGDIW E CSX BMAIHMPX, LINWIRINEJGI, EJA PS PZNJ ENSZJA PDNII PMQIW CIBSNI HXMJK ASYJ.

—NSCINP CIJGDHIX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1376

When a man diets, he eats oatmeal in addition to everything else he usually eats.

—E. W. HOWE.

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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Mention all the names you want—Andy Warhol, Viva, the Rolling Stones, Roman Polanski, Claes Oldenbourg, anybody—Tom Wolfe is still the Pop of the Superpop—journalist, hyped-up super-star reporter, refiner and inventor of words when need be.

He's easy to recognize. Here it is winter and he's wearing a white suit, white vest, white shoes, a blue and green plaid shirt, a flowered pocket handkerchief. His blond hair is straight and Beatle-length. He's a superb dandy in the Wildean tradition—and it's all camp and a Wolfe put-on. "Actually, I discovered clothes are a harmless form of aggression," he says. "I once had a white suit made for summer, but it was too hot so I wore it one winter day. It annoyed people and they stopped me to tell me about it. After all, it was only a suit. 'Gee,' I thought, 'this is nice.' " For Wolfe it opened a whole world, a way of being at once aggressive and harmless.

"My tailor is a Hungarian and a painter. He can sew any fantasy I happen to think up."

But Wolfe is not merely a sartorial gadfly. He likes it when his books and articles produce abrasions. In *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* (Bantam, $1.25), a piece of brilliantly explosive reportage on novelist Ken Kesey and the whole mad psychedelic world of California's Merry Pranksters, Wolfe's own feelings about the drug-happy hippie scene never intrude for a moment. The articles in *The Pump House Gang* (Bantam, 95¢) soar like butterflies and sting like bees, whether he's writing on Hugh Hefner, Marshall McLuhan, or Carol (the Silicone Girl) Doda. "I hate easy emotional appeal. I like it if I can inspire equal and passionate reactions." His Hefner piece aroused a variety of responses. Says Wolfe: "I heard Hefner himself liked it, while others told me, 'Boy, you really got him.' " As in most of Wolfe's pieces, the subject is treated as a representative of a certain life style; here it's the quintessential dropout. "I'm always happy if people can't figure out my attitude," Wolfe declares. "I'm much more interested in making the reader understand what Caligula is doing than to make him hate him."

Those Wolfe tries to make us understand range from surfers, motorcyclists, and hippies to advertising men and political activists. "So many people today lead extraordinary lives. They have more money and more free time so that they can carve out their own life styles. The New Left, for instance. I think it's at least 70 per cent life style with its own semi-military dress, hair styles, vocabulary—and only 30 per cent political passion."

Until he was out of his teens Wolfe, who grew up in Richmond, Virginia, wanted passionately to be a baseball pitcher. He was even scouted by the N.Y. Giants. "I showed him sliders, screwballs, curves. The scout said, 'All you really need is the high hard one.' " So Wolfe went to Washington and Lee University, and then took a Ph.D. in American Studies at Yale.

What Wolfe does is to break down barriers between fact and fiction. "If you do enough reporting, you can get the accents, the scenes, the dialogue, like fiction. Part of my technique I call the 'controlled trance.' I close my eyes and try to put myself into the situation that I'm writing about. If I'm really into it things start happening, phrases and thoughts begin to spin off.

"Lots of people have asked if I use drugs when I write. Of course I don't. That would alter your ability for self-criticism. Sometimes, like after I wrote *Kool-Aid*, I end up in a strange mental state, really drained."

Maybe even Pop-eyed.

Rollene W. Saal

Fiction

Like William Golding's *The Lord of the Flies* and Hannah Green's *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden*, William Butler's *The Butterfly Revolution* (Ballantine, 95¢), is one of those "subterranean" novels that have acquired a large and enthusiastic youthful audience. The thirteen-year-old hero, Winston Weyn, endures a summer at camp that even Allen Sherman could not have survived. Power and cruelty join forces to create an atmosphere of evil in which the weak are crushed. Wilfrid Sheed takes an even more macabre look at adolescence in *The Blacking Factory and Pennsylvania Gothic* (Ballantine, 95¢). His youngsters exist amid a curious blend of Social Register Catholicism and isolation from any kind of human response.

Another dimension to the macabre is supplied by Muriel Spark in her excellent, skillfully written *Robinson* (Avon, $1.25), a novel about three survivors of a plane crash. *The Public Image* (Ballantine, 95¢), though, is disappointing. It's customarily and consummately literate, but, like its characters—a vain movie queen and her parasitic husband—it's shallow and, worse, cold. Maybe that's how life is in a celebrity-conscious atmosphere, but the author has different obligations to the reader.

In his second (1906) novel, *Beneath the Wheel* (Noonday, $1.95), published here for the first time in paperback, Hermann Hesse's philosophical interests are still subservient to the traditional need to tell a story. It is about two young men who rebel against the academic establishment; each finds his own destiny, one as a victim of heavy-footed authority, the other as a survivor and victor.

Victoria (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $1.95), newly translated from the Norwegian by Oliver Stallybrass, is among Knut Hamsun's most poetic novels. This sparsely written tale evokes the romantic world of first love—between

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a high-born lady and a miller's son, under gray Scandinavian skies.

Anyone who thinks that A. A. Milne wrote only about Pooh Bears and Heffalumps should take note of *The Red House Mystery* (95¢), sufficiently durable to be included in Avon's Classic Crime Collection series.

History

In *Byzantium* (Vintage, $2.45) Harvard historian Romilly Jenkins recalls that splendid empire's most dazzling years, "the imperial centuries" between the seventh and eleventh centuries, concluding with the First Crusade in 1071. While a procession of Leos and Constantines and Basils ruled a kingdom as opulent as any mosaic, below the surface there was unending strife between the eastern and western poles of the Roman Empire.

Meanwhile, back in the West, Charlemagne was outdistancing his father, King Pippin the Short. He greatly expanded his kingdom, and brought a little light to the Dark Ages by patronizing learning at his court. In *Carolingian Portraits* (Ann Arbor ($3.25) Eleanor Shipley Duckett, a historian who makes the remote past relevant, recreates the same era through its uncommon men. Contemporary accounts —letters, chronicles, poems—provide a vivid image of individual personalities, as well as telling something of how that ninth-century empire rose and fell. Incredibly, Mrs. Duckett is apparently also the author of *Alfred the Great*, upon which the current Clive Donner film starring David Hemmings is based, though she's not given credit on the screen. She probably asked that her name be removed. (We saw the film. Everyone ought to be removed.)

Ann S. Haskell's collection *A Middle English Anthology* (Anchor, $3.95) is predicated on the author's delightful notion that "the primary purpose of literature is pleasure." Thanks be, then, that her book is first of all readable, with just the right amount of explanatory notes facing the text, making it easy for those of us who have forgotten our Middle English, not to mention those of us who never knew any. The selections, sampled in breadth and depth, include *Sir Gawayn and the Grene Knyght*, *Sir Launfal*, and *Le Morte Darthur*.

Oxford medievalist—now there's an epithet to conjure with — Maurice Keen's *The Pelican History of Medieval Europe* ($1.95), like most of the heavy-going Pelican history series, offers authority in its succinct summary of the issues and events of the times. In this volume kings and popes struggle for power over what was to become modern Europe.

It's interesting to learn that the Habsburgs who ran the Austro-Hungarian empire extended their realm through marriage more than through war. Edward Crankshaw's *The Fall of the House of Habsburg* (Eagle, $1.25) displays, among the royal circle surrounding the Emperor Franz Josef, the doom-ridden Maximilian and his Carlotta, who flunked out in Mexico; the ill-fated Rudolf, who dropped out at Mayerling, and young Franz Ferdinand, who got his at Sarajevo, triggering a war and the end of an age.

For a change of time and place there is Darrett B. Rutman's *Winthrop's Boston* (Chapel Hill, $3.45), set in seventeenth-century America. It's a quietly dramatic story of great expectations and thwarted hopes, as the young John Winthrop comes to Boston from England in search of a "new world." Between what he looked for and what he found fell the shadow.

In *The Age of George III* (Anchor, $1.45) R. J. White writes that "there was nothing great about George III unless it was his obduracy, his devotion to duty, a certain mulish courage." George was king for a long time—from 1738 to 1820, during which decades England lost her American colonies and readied herself for the Industrial Revolution. The king may have lacked greatness, but interesting people lived under his reign: Pitt and Burke, Boswell and Johnson, Jane Austen, Hogarth and Gainsborough, so that the era White describes was rich in art, literature, and politics.

Other Places

Eagles in Cobwebs (Anchor, $1.95), by Hungarian newspaperman Paul Lendvai, weighs the not always compatible forces of nationalism and Communism in Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia. In some ways the book is hopeful, underscoring the importance of increased Western contact with Iron Curtain countries. On the other hand, Lendvai comments on the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia: "The Balkans have once again become a tension-ridden storm center . . . they are more than ever the heart of the national challenge to Soviet domination."

Death in the Northeast (Vintage, $1.95) is a study of a 600,000-square-mile area of Brazil, which, says author Josué De Castro, has "as great an explosive potential as the Congo, South Africa, India or Vietnam." No one knows the problems better than De Castro, doctor and anthropologist, and a native of the region. De Castro emphasizes that, while half of Recife's nearly one million inhabitants live in caves and shacks, what is festering is not only disease but revolution.

Rebellion African-style is the subject of Basil Davidson's *The Liberation of Guiné* (Penguin African Library, $1.45). Beginning in 1956 with minor guerrilla skirmishes, two-thirds of this small west coast colony has broken away from its Portuguese rulers. It's an important book because it cleaves through what liberation leader Amilcar Cabral in his foreword calls "the wall of silence" that has long surrounded the struggles of African peoples against Portuguese colonialism.

Gifted novelist Peter Matthiessen's *Under the Mountain Wall* (Ballantine, $1.25) is a remarkably poignant account of the truly primitive Kurelu tribe of New Guinea. Subtitled "A Chronicle of Two Seasons in the Stone Age," this intensely human study is based on the 1961 Harvard-Peabody Expedition, which included photographer Eliot Elisofon and the late Michael Rockefeller as well as Matthiessen, author of *Race Rock, et al. Under the Mountain Wall* is both a last testament to a vanishing way of life and an important window into the past.

The blossoming of flower children glows in *A Generation of Love* (Bruce, $2.95). Simple, tender poems by former Dominican nun Mary Norbert Korte are accompanied by Jess Villalva's affectionate photographs of babies, young lovers, the old and wise.

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WAITING FOR THE NEWS

by Leo Litwak

Doubleday, 312 pp., $5.95

VIC GOTTLIEB, the adolescent narrator, tells us that "my pa . . . had prepared himself for a great destiny." Great destiny! Does it lie in his father's eventual murder by O'Brien? Is it inherited by his uncertain sons? Such questions form the "news" of this explosive novel.

Although Leo Litwak delights in recreating the rituals of adolescence in the 1930s and 1940s—listening to the mighty exploits of Hank Greenberg; gazing at the movies on Saturday afternoons—he is less interested in such easy nostalgia than in difficult philosophical questions. He wants us to explore the tangled meanings of Jewishness, family ties, and human brutality.

His narrator, Vic, is obsessed by power. He grows up unsure of correct masculine strength. He wants to emulate his father—although at times he thinks Jake Gottlieb is needlessly aggressive—but he realizes that power even in the cause of union solidarity is dangerous: it mysteriously leads to fascism. Thus Vic broods about Hitler while his friends and relatives disregard the oncoming holocaust. Vic's ambivalence toward the powerful leader—his father, Hitler, or O'Brien—is clear in the following passage:

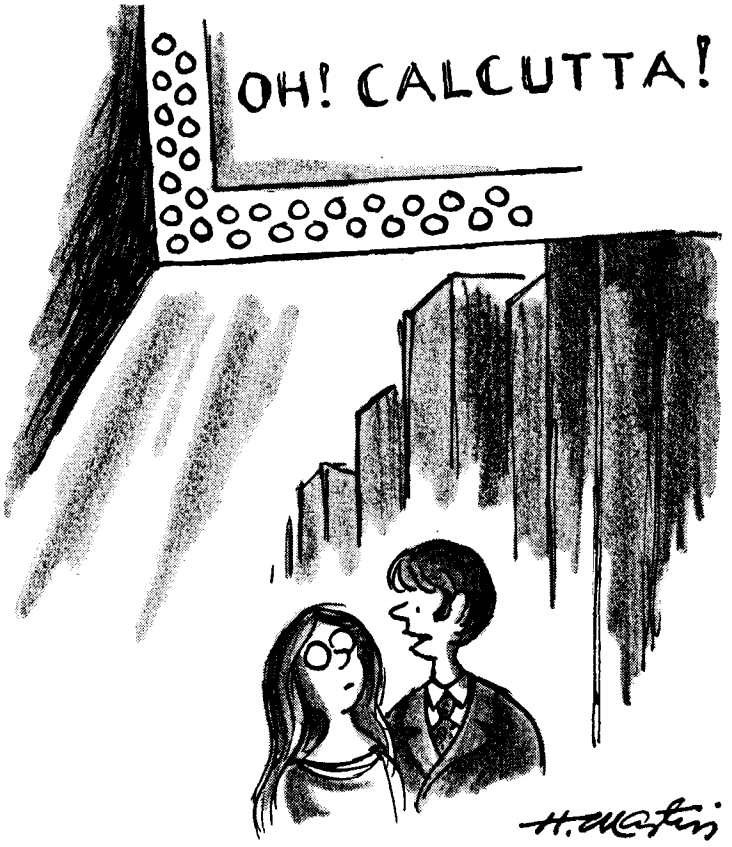
> The Nazis made all our dreams come true. They showed us that our fantasies of power were in the realm of possibility but all directed against us. It was as though our fantasies—those irresponsible dramas which took the edge off horrors—bred their opposites, which were no longer confined to an interior stage but were projected onto the world.

Vic and his brother take a vow to avenge their father's death—at the time it seems melodramatic and naïve—but they are unprepared for carrying it out. They lack guns, muscles, the instinct for blood; they believe that they can "trust the law." Gradually they realize that they are on their own. *They must kill for the sake of justice.* They manage to achieve their goal in a bitterly comic manner, but they find that they remain unsatisfied. Vic at the end of the novel is still a "little brother" unable to comprehend his father's awe-inspiring message.

Waiting for the News locates public brutalities in "average" families. By presenting the outside *and* inside news, it destroys all comfortable assumptions. It begins and ends with shocking questions.

Irving Malin

Irving Malin is the author of "Saul Bellow's Fiction" and the editor of "Critical Views of Isaac Bashevis Singer."



"All that nudity must be for middle-agers who missed out on the sexual revolution."

NUDE CROQUET

by Leslie A. Fiedler

Stein & Day, 288 pp., $5.95

A SALIENT CHARACTERISTIC of ex-Marxist intellectuals since the Moscow trials and the Hitler-Stalin pact has been a fear of being duped. Especially during the decade following the end of World War II, the stories and articles in such periodicals as *Partisan Review* deprecated "innocence" while urging a recognition of life's tragic complexity. The writers were almost as much on guard against the socio-political pieties of the American mass media as they were against Stalinist propaganda. But Leslie Fiedler was among those who, in their bitter disenchantment with Marxism, assailed the "naïve" critics of Senator Joseph McCarthy's campaign against people he called Communists.

Having performed this dubious public service in *An End to Innocence*, a collection of political and literary essays, Fiedler felt free to concentrate on "literary anthropology." The most perceptive writing he has done in this vein concerns the interrelationships in American fiction of Negroes, Indians, Jews, and Anglo-Saxons. Not surprisingly, there is a strong ethnic emphasis in his own fiction—two novels and two collections of short stories have preceded the present book—as well as a persistent stress on the lies we tell to others and ourselves. It is not surprising either that, rebounding from dialectical materialism, he should have become interested in mysticism and, more recently, in the redemptive possibilities of madness as suggested in the writings of the Scottish psychiatrist R. D. Laing. The best-controlled, most resonant story in *Nude Croquet* is a kind of Chassidic parable, "The Dancing of Reb Hershl with the Withered Hand," while the less successful but teasingly ambiguous "Bad Scene at Buffalo Jump" is about a peyote-eating ceremony of the mountain Indians' Native American Church, attended by an assimilated Indian and a Jewish professor.

As a whole, *Nude Croquet*—which comprises eight stories earlier collected in *Pull Down Vanity* (1962), plus four republished from magazines for

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LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 Em (*Around the World in 80 Days*), 2Cn, 3Ld (*Tale of Two Cities*), 4Gi, 5Ff (*Lost Horizon*), 6H1, 7Nk, 8Ae (*Farewell to Arms*), 9Mh (*Moby Dick*), 10 Kc, 11 Jj (*Grapes of Wrath*), 12 Bb, 13 Ia, 14 Dg (*Call of the Wild*).

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the first time—is an uneven book. Fiedler has a lively mind, and can create believable characters. He also has compassion, which tends to be inhibited out of "fear of innocence." When he somehow lets himself go without losing artistic control, he creates a work as effective as the title piece. This horror story, similar in tone to Cassavetes's film *Faces*, assembles a group of middle-aged Jewish intellectuals, two of whom have recently acquired sexy young wives, at a gothic mansion on the coast of New Jersey. Into the tense air of a dinner party filled with bitter conversation about successes, failures, and sell-outs, the suggestion is wafted by the host's aphrodisiac wife, Molly, that they all play "nude croquet." A half-hearted orgy-and-indoor-croquet-game, with one satisfactory copulation in the music room, suddenly ends when Marvin, a Marxist failure, is goaded into a heart attack by his harridan wife. As the lights are turned on, the screaming Molly "confronted them in the classic pose of nakedness surprised, as if she knew for the first time what it meant to be really nude."

Several of the other stories, including two of the longest—"The Fear of Innocence" and "Pull Down Vanity!"—have equally depressing themes but lack vividness, and are marred by "Semititis," an inflammation that Fiedler shares with Philip Roth. "The Girl in the Black Raincoat," which avoids these faults, is a set of variations on an erotic fantasy with special appeal to middle-aged college teachers, while "Bad Scene at Buffalo Jump," the drag Western about peyote, is better read in the context of *Back to China*, an interesting novel where the story appears in slightly different form.

On the other hand, "Nobody Ever Died from It" is memorable for the characterization of Abie Peckelis, the tragicomic fairy shoe salesman. And "Dirty Ralphy" is a lucid, moving story about the treachery both of memory and of our stereotyped notions of Gentiles and Jews.

Symbolizing the unevenness of the collection is the contrast between the lifeless, poorly shaped anti-Marxist parable "The Stain" and the previously mentioned "Dancing of Reb Hershl with the Withered Hand." This tale of self-sacrifice, at once light and grave in tone, resists summary description, but it is certainly Fiedler at his human and artistic best. He has done as well, as a writer, only in the title story of his 1966 volume, *The Last Jew in America*.

Richard Clark Sterne

Richard Clark Sterne teaches English and American studies at Simmons College in Boston.

Criminal Record

Fact

The Discriminating Thief. *By David Leitch. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.* Dr. Xavier Richter was a Paris physician who didn't enjoy his calling and turned art looter, a trade wherein he found pleasure and profit. He confined his booty largely to the furniture of France's best period (no graphic arts or that sort of stuff). He met his downfall when an associate goofed.

The Smugglers. *By Timothy Green. Walker. $6.95.* Even a phony marriage certificate can be an impressive bit of documentation in the hands of a visaless would-be immigrant to the U.S.

Mr. Green's brisk and breezy manual also explains what happens to thousands of cases of Scotch and to billions of cigarettes. Oh, yes, drugs, weapons and diamonds seem to be doing all right, too.

Fiction

The Smiling Medusa. *By Jean Muir. Dodd, Mead. $3.95.* When a Greek island that looks like nothing is bequeathed to a Kansas City secretary she expects the worst, and you might say she gets it, depending on how you define "worst." Pleasant change-of-pace performance.

Two Little Children and How They Grew. *By Doris Miles Disney. Crime Club. $4.50.* Three's a crowd (not necessarily an unruly one) when a new family moves into New England area where the hero and heroine of this touching history fulfill their pint-size destinies. Reaches the heart.

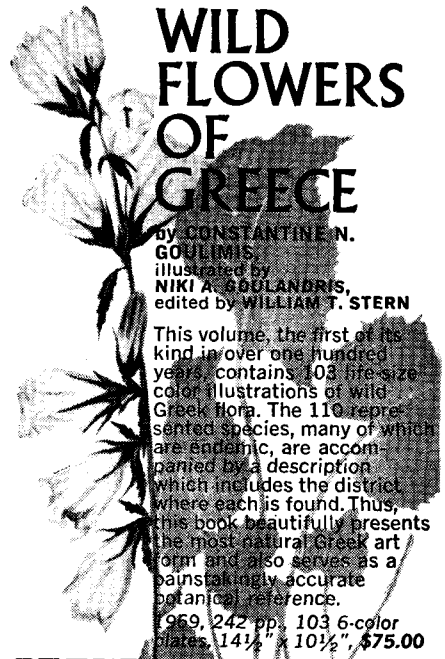
The Dam. *By Angus MacLeod. Roy. $3.95.* You don't have to know what a croft is in order to savor to the full this tragic and turbulent tale, but it will help. The *mise-en-scène* is Scotland.

The Spanish Prisoner. *By Frank Gruber. Dutton. $4.95.* Here an old theme is updated to suit modern tastes, and more welcome on that account. The geography is exceptionally miscellaneous.

Mills. *By Manning O. I. Brine. Lippincott. $4.95.* When British intelligence ace puts his tools back in the shed, the top brass says nay-nay; they have other ideas, all involving high risks. Who else knows all the ramifications of LSD 25?

Sergeant Cuff

. . . a book to cherish!



WILD FLOWERS OF GREECE

by CONSTANTINE N. GOULIMIS, illustrated by NIKI A. GOULANDRIS, edited by WILLIAM T. STERN

This volume, the first of its kind in over one hundred years, contains 103 life-size color illustrations of wild Greek flora. The 110 represented species, many of which are endemic, are accompanied by a description which includes the district where each is found. Thus, this book beautifully presents the most natural Greek art form and also serves as a painstakingly accurate botanical reference.

1959, 242 pp., 103 6-color plates, 14½" x 10½", $75.00

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The New Audience

Continued from page 11

and a youthful and communal Thanksgiving Day at Ray and Alice's church. And then there is the title song itself, the best expression of what the movie is really about. It articulates a cartooned life-and-death style, a giving and a taking, the good and bad times of a country in its logical but paradoxical youth. "You can get anything you want," says the song, "*excepting* Alice," suggesting the peculiar light and dark moods of an America and a film whose final shot will literally mimic this tension between lament and celebration.

The two films are similar in other ways. Both use nonprofessionals as well as trained actors; both are framed by the geography of late-Sixties America. *Rider* goes cross country on its fateful cycle journey to a whorish New Orleans, and along the harrowing way shows us places where the word police has a long "o," a vowel stretched out so far that it almost whistles like a rubber band. It is a land of motels with quickly turned on NO VACANCY signs as soon as its turned-on, long-haired riders arrive. And inevitably, it is a mental landscape full of crewcut goons with murderous aim if not intent.

Alice documents a lighter but hardly less scary America: a country of induction boards in which a young black veteran of the war has a hook instead of a hand; in which Arlo is violently abused for his hair and called a "hippie perversion"; in which Vietnam is pronounced Veetnam; and in which a solitary billboard from the Johnson administration still says "Keep America Beautiful! Cut Your Hair."

The crucial differences between the two films are not raw material but age and tone. For all intensive purposes, *Rider* is the first work of a young man (although Dennis Hopper is thirty-three and goes back to the days of James Dean in the Fifties), and *Alice* is the sixth movie by a middle-aged man sincerely trying to bridge the considerable Great Divide. Hopper's vision is obsessed with death and prostitution from its very first minute on the screen; it senses persecution all around it, and it invites us to join in with our personal nightmares and experiences, our collective paranoia. It says that this is the way this country is, and, cleverly, it shows us the devastating fire and explosions in advance of their actual, sequential appearance that ends the film.

Undeniably, the movie is horribly effective; its own confusions even add a terrifying and inescapable logic. When the lawyer George Hanson (played brilliantly by Jack Nicholson) is killed, the loss is acute. The movie misses him; it came alive when he appeared, and in a curious way it seems to die when he does. Fonda's and Hopper's destruction elicits a strong response by virtue of the brutality of the act rather than by feelings for the individuals. Ours is a purely visceral reaction to murder, a response we even indulge in. But we have no time to think, no time to sort out the differences between the deaths. Despite whatever Hopper claims were his intentions, the film lurches out of control and so does the audience. There is a distinction that demands time to be thought out: namely, that Hanson was worth more alive than dead, and Wyatt and Billy become emotionally more valuable to us precisely *because* they die. It is a distinction few if any of us are able to make while still in the theater.

Alice also has its share of deaths: the passing of Woody Guthrie, of Shelley, of a whole way of life personified by the reconsecrated church. But unlike the brutal murders of *Rider*, both the man and boy die off-screen here. Their deaths are presented as a part of life rather than an end to it. Penn's film is vitally and compassionately interested in life and in a sense of humor as a style for coping, for living in Moratorium America without paranoia. Arlo's songs and manner are those of mild ridicule despite the disasters that shroud the film; the music and the style seem healthy, and they wear well.

In effectively suggesting these youthful but polar responses to domestic life, the two films are expressive landmarks for a medium and a country that are suffering growing pains. Hopper's seems more important right now because it slams in the gut, it is frequently right by sheer instinct, *because* it lacks subtlety. Penn's complex work —with its neat geometrical triangles, both religious and secular—strikes me as the more masterful and enduring motion picture. In its own way, *Alice* is a remake of the fifteen-year-old *Rebel Without a Cause* by Nicholas Ray. Yes, Arlo's hair is longer than James Dean's; he doesn't wear white socks, and the girls aren't as heavily lip-sticked as Natalie Wood. But what Penn is attempting is a translation into a late-Sixties style of the earlier film's anguish, vulnerability, and groping search for a surrogate family. And in linking Arlo with Dean's different but nonetheless similarly transcendent sort of articulateness, *Alice* suggests not only a way of being young in America, but also a possible way of being older. Arlo's grace takes us a long way from Andy Hardy.

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by Evald Schorm (Czechoslovakia)
Cannes Film Festival 1969; Czechoslovak Week, Sorrento Film Festival 1969.

THE MAN WHO LIES
by Alain Robbe-Grillet (France)
By the author of *Last Year at Marienbad*, director of *L'Immortelle*.

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Fiction and Film

Continued from page 14

that usually comes up with the finest productions of the year. This year it was a disappointment: The Italian cinema seems suddenly unproductive (I cannot take Pasolini seriously), while the French seem to be retreating into their own special variety of provincialism, both social and intellectual. Godard is where he is. Marguerite Duras's *Destroy, She Said,* a stuporously unsuccessful film, futilely attempts to bring to the silver screen some of the least interesting aspects of the new novel. (That *it* should be scheduled for major release, while *Je t'aime, Je t'aime* stands condemned and *Une Femme Douce*'s future dangles by a hair, staggers me.) Eric Rohmer's *Ma Nuit Chez Maud,* though terribly well made and conceived, is fundamentally an intensely provincial and bourgeois (I might even say Gaullist) work.

All this adds up not to a criticism of the festival, which remains one of the major bastions of cinematic seriousness in America, but to an observation

of a certain, and perhaps not so sudden, petering out of its European fountainhead that produced the most important films of the Sixties. If two years ago somebody had told me that I would find Downey's *Putney Swope* or Schlesinger's *Midnight Cowboy* ("for all their faults" as Anna Livia says) altogether more impressive and exciting than the major Godard effort of the year, I would have laughed. Today, I'm not laughing, and I left Lincoln Center with Third Avenue on my mind.

If those sources are depleted, we'll have to look elsewhere for the best films of the Seventies: perhaps new European sources; perhaps (a sobering thought) America; perhaps the underground. But in the search for new sources, new ideas, I don't think that fiction needs to be anywhere near as protective of its autonomy as film. And it seems to me that literature has a great deal to learn from its big, brash, rich brother. Who knows — who can guess?—the outcome of this search for esthetic ideas, the fillip of obsession and accident, that the Seventies are so plainly demanding of both arts? Mired here in their history of brilliance and snotty squabbling, the brother arts stand at the opening of the decade giving the impression of being at the end of something, which is also, of course, the beginning of something, with everything left to be done.

Short films for longhairs.

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Make Room

By Andrew Glaze

I want to finish re-decorating.
To be able to ask Death into my
house.
show him the chairs,
the table I made myself,
crack him a walnut,
(give him the good part)
introduce him to my children,
offer him a drink.
Which of us is the sly devil?
I'll say
I'm tired of keeping you hiding there
behind the door!
Like a lackey!
Come out! Come out!
be proud of yourself!
No more sneaking,
walk in and give me a good short
handshake!
It's all right.
Stay for lunch.
Consider yourself my friend.

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Continued from page 21

Thompson) place the marathon in a sleazy dance palace far out on a California pier; the time is 1932, deep Depression, when marathons were beginning to run out their fling. The contestants are a wide range of pathetic, dreary, pitiful types, all hoping for that promised pot of gold waiting at the end of weeks of physical and mental exhaustion. The ballroom is itself a gem of dreariness. A mirrored globe slowly revolves overhead. A band plays "Japanese Sandman," "Easy Come, Easy Go," and other novelty tunes of the period. And the promoter, who is also the MC, eggs the contestants on, spouts patriotic fervor, panders to the blank-eyed audience, even introduces celebrities who have dropped in, such as young Mervyn LeRoy, of *Little Caesar* fame, and glamorous Helen Twelvetrees. He is played with bleak and surprising authority by Gig Young, who will certainly be heard from again come Academy Award time.

We also follow several contestants, the chief ones being Gloria and Robert, played by Jane Fonda and Michael Sarrazin. Gloria is a depressed, cynical girl who has met nothing but hard times, while Robert is still the innocent who can hear the sound of the sea underneath the floor boards. They are both good, but just as good is Susannah York as an English actress hoping to "make it" in Hollywood by winning the contest. And, in less major roles, there are strong, evocative performances by Red Buttons, Bonnie Bedelia, Allyn McLerie, and Bruce Dern. There is another star on the sound track. He is John Green, who, as associate producer obviously in charge of music, chose the songs and did the arrangements with a sensitive and mood-enhancing touch.

Now for those qualifications. Pollack interlards what is already a *danse macabre* with fateful foretellings—"forward flashes"—that make little sense at the time. In addition, a key scene near the close in which Robert assists Gloria to her self-chosen doom doesn't ring true. For one thing, Pollack moves it outside the confines of the living hell of the dance floor to a balcony overlooking the misty sea. The dialogue that ensues is like a schoolboy imitation of Camus's *The Stranger*. Miss Fonda then hokes it up further, while suddenly producing a gun. Dreary as Gloria is, she had not, to this moment, appeared suicidal, and, if anything, that goal of winning the marathon was her sustaining light. I suspect that Pollack and the writers tried to go deeper than was needed, for their film had already far surpassed the level of the novel. As for those Existentialist overtones, the French located them without Horace McCoy's ever being aware that he had put them in. Therefore, why an ending in which the dancers parade back on the floor, and the hopeless dance of life—and death—goes on? I want to make clear that these complaints involve only five or ten minutes of a film that is unquestionably one of the three or four most important pictures of the year.

The ambitions of those responsible for the screen version of John Barth's *The End of the Road* (the film title lacks the introductory article) probably soared equally high, but they have landed, I am afraid, with a dull thud. The Barth novel told a "black humor" story of a young, brilliant, but mentally disturbed college teacher who, after some treatment in a sanitarium, found a job in a small Maryland college, wandered into an affair with the wife of one of the other teachers, and was an accessory to her death during an abortion. The writing of the book was sometimes wild, devastating in its satire, and eventually sobering and shocking. After being published in 1958, it went on to become one of those underground college classics, and probably deservingly so.

In the hands of Aram Avakian, a film editor turned director, and with a screenplay by himself, Terry Southern, and Dennis McQuire, the book has been turned into first of all a travesty of the original, and secondly one of those deliberately disgusting "now movies," calculated to win the approbation of the more tiresome among the academic rebels. By which I mean it has shots of Richard Nixon looking foolish, atomic mushrooms, army and draft references, and none of it having anything to do with the thread of the story. The mental institution has been made into a quack home run by a weird Negro psychiatrist, played even more weirdly by James Earl Jones. The hero, Jake (Stacy Keach), is first met as a catatonic, turns into the epitome of normality, and is last seen sadly dumping the body of his paramour into a lake. Meanwhile, he is given a grand tour of the sanitarium, the sights including one of a patient having sexual intercourse with a chicken, and thus going *Futz* one better, or perhaps worse, depending on which Grossinger's joke one remembers. Anyway, it's just too awful, and dreadfully sad, particularly when one con-

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siders what a fine movie the novel, treated properly, could have made. Avakian is a pretty good man, technically speaking, but technical virtuosity is hardly worth mentioning in these expert days.

However, I suppose one *should* mention Conrad Hall's photography for *Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here*, a racial and social Western written and directed by Abraham Polonsky. In fact, film students across the land may well want to compare Mr. Hall's work in this film with that of *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. In the latter, his lighting (which is what the film photography function—Vincent Canby to the contrary—largely is) is equal to most of the loving effects director George Roy Hill was after. Here, the daylight scenes are harsher, more glaring, and his night scenes darker and gloomier. Enough of that. Mr. Polonsky, quite properly, is keening over what our nation has consistently done to disqualify the original inhabitants of this land from participation in our democracy, and his Willie Boy is a young, rebellious reservation Indian who makes the mistake of assuming he is his own man. Robert Blake plays him sullenly and well.

So far, so good, but Polonsky then turns the movie into a chase epic. The forces of aroused white society rise up to run Willie down, and his sole friend is his chief pursuer, a sheriff, played with his usual cool aplomb by Robert Redford. Willie has taken a pretty Indian girl (Katharine Ross, who lately shows a genius for getting herself miscast) with him on his bust for freedom, but finally he is alone and a loner, and, of course, a symbol. And that's the real trouble with the film. Polonsky, concerned though he may be, is less concerned with people than with The Problem, and unless you're terribly moved by abstractions and symbols, and references to history and reality, you're not going to get very involved with or by the movie. Some critical guns have already begun to boom in Polonsky's behalf; he was

smashed down early in his career by the House Un-American Activities Committee, and has just now gotten to his feet again. I wish I could be one of his artistic supporters. I can't.

And I wish I had something pleasant to say about *The Happy Ending*, with writing and direction by Richard Brooks. Mr. Brooks is one of the best who work in Hollywood; he is responsible for *Elmer Gantry*, *Lord Jim*, *The Professionals*, and *In Cold Blood*. But he hasn't seemed happy making *The Happy Ending*. His notion was to show something truthful about married love, what happens after the vows have been spoken, the magic words pronounced. In this case, it's alcoholism for the wife, infidelity for the husband, and both need fresher treatment than they get here. The cast includes Jean Simmons, John Forsythe, Shirley Jones, Teresa Wright, and a singer-actor now known as Robert Darin. None of them look as though they believe very much in what they're doing, and Brooks's heavy-handed thrusts at the self-beautifying efforts of the American female are not going to win him a women's audience.

The season has brought us another space drama, *Marooned*, and it tells of how three of our astronauts, after spending several weeks in an earth-orbiting laboratory, go into their capsule for the return journey and discover that their retro-rockets are out of commission. So, there they are, whizzing round and round in near-perpetual orbit, their oxygen supply good for only so long, and, with the whole world watching—including their anguished wives. What is to be done? In charge of this awesome rescue operation is Gregory Peck, and he manages to keep his cool, while one of the trapped astronauts loses his. Can a new model rescue vehicle be launched in time, will a nearby Russian cosmonaut lend a helping hand, will the oxygen

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supply hold out? All these palpitating questions are answered in due course, but I doubt, for all the authentic-looking space hardware, that *Marooned* will pose any challenge whatsoever to Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*. In fact, it seems downright pedestrian and at times unwittingly laughable, by comparison.

For the past few years most of us, I'm sure, have been looking forward to the new Hitchcock picture, and, as each has come along, it has proved disappointing. His latest, *Topaz*, seems a relentless effort to prove that cinematic times have not changed. To be sure, now and then we get one of those Hitchcock moments, in which suspense is combined with grisly humor, but for the most part *Topaz* is firmly tied to the plodding spy story by Leon Uris on which it is based. This story, as *Life* and *Look* long ago made us aware (too bad they didn't share in the book royalties they thereby engendered), is based on the revelations of a supposedly defected French intelligence agent in this country who revealed what he claimed was a Soviet penetration of the top level of the de Gaulle government. The Cuban missile crisis figures in the film, as Hitchcock tells it, and this unfortunately ties him to an outcome we already know in advance. The fate of the world is therefore not at stake—not at this moment of watching, anyway.

Hitchcock is therefore retelling what has already been told, and he is plainly uneasy, if not downright tired of the whole story. It limps along, enlivened only by a superb rendering of a Castro associate by John Vernon. The best visual moments are supplied by a new actress, Karin Dor. She is a genuine beauty and shows signs of acting ability. I never saw her before. I shamelessly admit that I would like to see her again.

Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Higher Forms of the New Thriller #2

TWO SEA GULLS circled in the brilliant blue sky like a lonely figure of speech.

"Why did you do it?" I said.

His face twisted with helpless anger. It was like the last, futile rage of a contorted metaphor. "Can't you figure it out, you idiot?" he screamed.

I was tired of figuring things out, tired of shooting people, tired of similes. It was the last scene of a beautifully written detective story.

"No," I said. The single word hung starkly in the air. "Tell me."

The portable bar attached to his wheel chair was like the glittering emblem of a world gone mad. The Scotch in his hand was the color of despair.

"Can't you private eyes work out anything on your own anymore?" he shrieked.

From somewhere in the distance the faint sound of a multiple collision on the Los Angeles freeway reached us with the terrible, arbitrary beauty of a comment on society. I sipped my old-fashioned. It had the taste of bitters.

"I'm not just a private eye," I said wearily. I was tired of explaining. "I'm a hero of our time."

The purple orchids growing around his swimming pool were the color of poetic prose. I aimed my .38 at his white shirt. It was the color of typewriter paper.

"Can't you get it over with, you dummy?" he screeched. "Pull the trigger!"

How could I tell him that the next to last paragraph was the moment when in some way it all seemed about to mean something, vast and bleak and tender and cruel and compassionate, just beyond the reach of a single, struggling, nonstop sentence? I could never tell him. He would never understand.

"All right," I said. I would have to go on, solitary, suffering, tragic, to a beautifully written sequel. The allegory of modern man was like that.

—GEOFFREY BUSH.

Away, Cruel Winter

TO MANY Romans, to most Romans probably, winter is a stab in the back, an unforgivable blow not to be averted by prayer or thick underwear. The warnings are never lacking. In late October and November the stalls in the street markets offer long drawers for men, stylish union suits for the ladies; roving peddlers drape themselves in the garments; the smart women's shops display sleeveless vests and woolen panties; and in the stores that supply such religious articles as chalices, missals, vestments, crucifixes, monstrances, and other church goods, room is made in the windows for tasteful showings of heavy-duty clerical undershirts and sturdy drawers that surely must keep out the penetrating cold of the Roman churches.

The winter population of Rome is thus heavier by hundreds of thousands of kilos when December comes, but winter is still resented. Winter is a betrayal, a *trucco*, a colossal swindle of nature, a piece of treachery underlined by the fact that weather forecasts in Italy are usually vague or cast in terms so general as to be worthless.

The word for "cold" in Italian is *freddo*, and I can give only an inadequate idea of its effect on the Eternal City by summarizing a late November account in *Il Messaggero* announcing that *il freddo* had arrived with an *"f" maiuscolo* (a capital F).

What had happened? Well, in twenty-four hours the thermometer had descended from a sudden blow and the temperature was severe, stinging, *da mozzare le orecchie*, biting the ears as one would say. The streets were deserted, *Il Messaggero* declared, and when offices and stores closed everybody hurried home to a hot supper and a good rest in an armchair with eyes fixed on the television screen.

I turned aside for a moment to read the demographic figures for the previous day: Born—males, sixty-one; females, fifty-five. Died—males, thirty-one; females, thirty-eight. Married—twenty-nine. Males had won the day.

Back to the story of *il freddo*: *Messaggero* confessed there was little to say. "We Romans do not love *il freddo*," it said, "perhaps because we are not used to it, perhaps because one can count on the fingers of one hand the rigidly cold days, so that when the thermometer drops we prefer to suffer the television rather than go outside."

And what of the days ahead? *Messaggero* had consulted the meteorologists, a move that struck me as naïve. *"Siamo in inverno* (we are in winter)," responded the weather bureau. "Certainly one cannot hope to have in the cold months the tepidity of October."

It would be cold for a few days, *Messaggero* concluded. The cold must be endured. It will be necessary to suffer. Summer bathings were still far away.

I looked at the meteorological bulle-

(*Continued on page* 61)

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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

The Passionate Skier

IN WINTER when you drive into the town of Taos, it is hard to believe you're approaching big ski country. The New Mexico sun is warm on the town plaza and the adobe walls. The desert mesa stretches flat and bare to distant lavender peaks, only tipped with snow. Taos has probably won wider acclaim as an artist settlement than a skiing haven. Here walks the ghost of a pale D. H. Lawrence, not of a muscular Hemingway.

Yet, only nineteen miles northeast, up a twisting box canyon laced with pines and feathery aspens, lies Taos Ski Valley deep in snow. The base area is 9,300 feet high—1,100 feet higher than Alta's in Utah. The summit, surrounded by the glittering peaks of the Sangre de Cristo range, rises to more than 12,000 feet. From a compact cluster of lodges at the base, the slopes seem to leap skyward, providing, in skiers' language, some of the hairiest terrain in the West. This is a skiers' mountain.

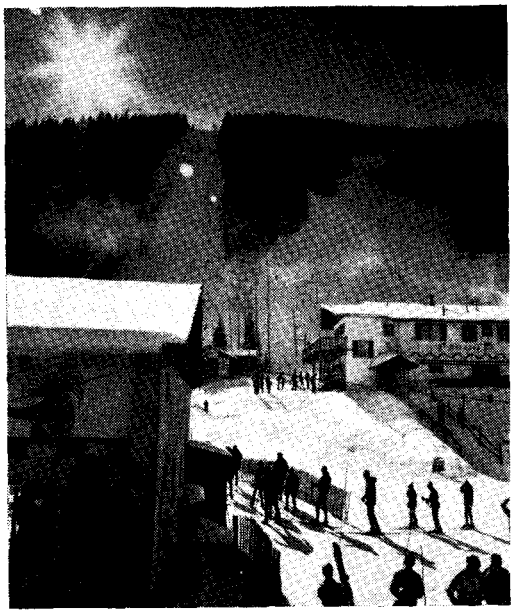
"We found great snow depths and unbelievably dry powder," says Ernie Blake, developer, ski school director, and grand panjandrum of Taos Ski Valley since its founding in 1955. "And we've never known the meaning of cold weather or fog or rain all winter long. My Swiss relatives, when I first described this place, refused to believe me." Blake is a fifty-six-year-old powerhouse with a seamed, sunburned face and electric blue eyes. A Swiss national educated in Germany, he has been a private in the Swiss Air Force, an intelligence agent in the American Army, and a skier since the age of four. He conducts his operation with a mixture of iron discipline and astringent humor. "In the early days we put in the steepest Poma lift in the world," he says. "It took off like a rocket and thus reduced the ski-accident rate considerably, because skiers who didn't belong on top of the mountain fell off the lift in the first fifty feet. It was insulting, damaging to the ego, but very practical for safety."

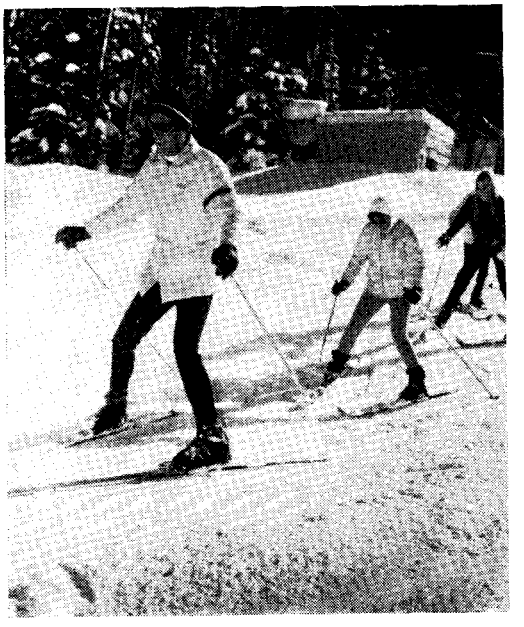
Blake knows exactly what kind of a ski area he wants, and he's got it. "We cater to families who ski reasonably well, or who at least ski with enthusiasm, or who want to learn," he points out. "We are definitely not the ideal place for singles ski clubs who want a big drunk. I love a drink, and approve of the female sex, but I think you can do that sort of thing just as easily in a nearby motel, without traveling all these miles."

Because of its remoteness, Taos Ski Valley, ninety miles north of Santa Fe, draws a small weekend crowd, and lift lines are just about unknown. Most visitors stay for a week or more. The self-contained area accommodates fewer than 600 guests, who come chiefly from Chicago (overnight on the Santa Fe Railroad), Los Angeles, and New York. The nearest jet airport is Albuquerque, 150 miles south, from which Taos Air Taxi supplies local service. A fair assay of Ph.D.s drive in from nearby Los Alamos, and all species of Texans turn up, from cotton farmers to oilmen.

Almost all guests—even the experts—sign up for Learn-to-Ski-Better Weeks that provide seven days of lift tickets and morning lessons, generally limited to ten in a class. Blake claims that in his school they are "unwilling revolutionaries." He considers most teaching systems largely "mythology"—too rigid and formalized. "In Taos we can't afford that," he says, "because we have a giant mountain with a lot of difficult slopes and a limited amount of flat, easy terrain. Consequently, we are forced to be honest. We are forced to give our students an education in the minimum time." The school uses graduated-length skis for beginners, starting at four feet long and working up, and a Step-into-Parallel technique. "It's a principle of ours to get skiing away from a lot of complicated words and the laws of physics," Blake says. "It should be fun and simple and natural, performed with a beaming expression."

I couldn't help but beam riding up Chairlift No. 1 in the brilliant sunshine one morning after a fresh snowfall. Beneath the lift, Al's Run traces one of the steepest slopes in the West. It is named after a Taos doctor, Al Rosen, who has had three coronary attacks and now skis with an oxygen tank strapped to his back, looking rather like a visitor to the moon. A second chairlift carried me almost to the summit, and a panoramic view of neighboring peaks. One principle of the ski school is to get even beginners off the practice slopes and up the first chairlift by the fifth day, when they are presumably ready to come down the three-and-a-half-mile-long White Feath-





Taos slopes (above) invite the daring, but beginners (below) catch up fast.

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er, questionably classified as snowplow grade. But the snow is light, fluffy, easy to ski—as Blake once put it, "the world's sexiest powder."

Jean Mayer, the chief instructor, a red-haired, thirty-five-year-old Frenchman from the Haute-Savoie, has articulated a philosophy of skiing that makes it sound like slightly sublimated sex. "In my teaching I emphasize feelings, sensation," he told me. "I try to give the feeling I experience myself from the snow. It becomes something almost sensual—a rhythmic creativity. I emphasize to the skiers that when they come down they create curves. They become artistic in their togetherness with the element. I want them to love the snow and to love the mountain—and feel it all the time. This is tied in with the technical aspect also, because when I say *feel*, of course, technically it means the pressure that is applied downward on the snow to keep contact—a sense of the snow. But to me it's a lust, a joy of skiing. It's ebullience, exuberance. You just bounce because you're happy, you're in love!" To see him racing down the mountain in the bullet position at the head of the top class, everyone howling, is to understand what he means.

Like several other key instructors, Jean Mayer doubles as a lodge operator. He owns the Hotel St. Bernard, best of the area's chalet-style inns. His younger brother Dadou, also a gifted skier, runs the nearby Hotel Edelweiss, whose guests lunch and dine at the St. Bernard. At mealtime, Jean himself rushes around to the long, family-style tables, carrying trays heaped with gourmet food. Chalked up on a big blackboard is the menu, entitled on a typical Sunday night, *Le Diner Gastronomique*: *Caille du Champagne* (tiny whole roasted quail); *Haricots verts provençal*; *Petits pois à la française*; *Salade niçoise*; and for dessert *Crêpe St. Bernard* (a crêpe filled with almond paste and *crème à l'anglaise*). That's perhaps exotic fare for a New Mexico ski lodge, but Jean goes even further. "Tomorrow we will have buffalo!" he cries, pronouncing it like a good Frenchman—*boeuf à l'eau*. His chef, who comes from the Jura and likes to ski, worked in New York's Four Seasons and at the George V in Paris.

The atmosphere at the St. Bernard is informal to the point of confusion. When the ski-bum helpers want to go to town for an early movie, guests cheerfully volunteer to clear away the dinner dishes. A tape deck in the adjoining bar belts out Beethoven and rock 'n' roll without pause. There, one evening, an itinerant flamenco guitarist from Spain dropped in to entertain. Several drinks later, he and his local girl—half Spanish-American, half

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Apache — performed a dance that threatened to bring rain.

Hondo Lodge, next to the main lift, is run with military precision by an ex-Army sergeant and his wife, who was also an Army sergeant. It is quiet, spotless, and has an excellent Swiss chef. Within skiing distance of the slopes stands Innsbruck Lodge, run by two ski-instructor hosts. It's small and *gemütlich* and has an Austrian cuisine. Thunderbird Lodge, about a hundred yards from the lift, provides a Scandinavian chef and lavish Sunday night smörgasbords.

If skiing palls, you can drive down to Taos for shopping and sightseeing. Some thirty galleries are said to sell almost a million dollars' worth of art a year—most of it desert landscapes, bucking broncos, and sad Indian maidens with big eyes and long black braids, along with a sprinkling of abstractions. Shops feature silver and turquoise jewelry and Indian crafts. One unique shop—virtually a museum—belongs to Tony Reyna, a courtly Indian, who stocks authentic arts and crafts from all the Southwest tribes. A major attraction outside town is the 800-year-old Taos Indian pueblo, a working village of some 1,400 inhabitants. In winter, the sun-baked plaza, surrounded by stacked-up adobe dwellings, affords an occasional glimpse of an Indian wrapped in a J. C. Penney blanket. The Kit Carson Home and Museum in the center of town displays artifacts and memorabilia of scout days, along with an exhibit of the curious art of Kit's great-granddaughter. She makes costumed pioneer dolls with heads of dried apples, oranges, bananas, and plums, which look remarkably like shrunken heads.

Literary pilgrims can drive twenty miles from Taos to visit the D. H. Lawrence Ranch and Shrine, now owned by the University of New Mexico. A whitewashed building with a large cross planted on the facade, the shrine contains such objects as Lawrence's typewriter, cowboy hat, and leather jacket.

Soon Taos Ski Valley will add an entirely new ski village and lift. Construction is expected to start next spring. "This new area will cater to the less ambitious skier with a greater desire for luxury and gold lamé after-ski pants," says Ernie Blake. "The slopes under the first lift, in fact, will be S-shaped, very mellow, flat enough to machine pack—perfect for the idle rich and the ski faker."

But Blake plans to keep the present area exactly as it is. He wouldn't dare change it. —JAMES EGAN.

JAMES EGAN is a free-lance writer living in Westport, Connecticut.

The Theater

Henry Hewes

Ghosts or Goblins Damned?

HIGH ON almost anybody's list of promising young American playwrights would have to be the name of Ronald Ribman. Yet, beyond the subsidized, limited-run productions of three of his plays by the American Place Theater, he has had no great success. Ribman's latest effort, three one-act plays grouped together under the title *Passing Through from Exotic Places*, may change his luck. For at the Sheridan Square Playhouse the work has a fighting chance of finding the kind of adventurous audience that Off-Broadway is designed for.

The first of the three plays, *The Son Who Hunted Tigers in Jakarta*, begins with an amusing situation. A middle-aged suburbanite couple apprehend a well-dressed intruder, who claims to have had too much to drink and mistaken their house for his. But gradually the intruder turns into a ghost, who first of all brings out a racial phobia he seems to share with them, and then designates the householder a despicable representative of bourgeois values. When he does this, he becomes identified in the householder's mind with his dead son, who, we assume, also hated his father's way of life.

The second play, *Sunstroke*, offers a different sort of apparition, and indeed the audience never is told which part of the action is illusion and which is real. An idealistic Peace Corps worker named Arthur Goldblatt arrives on an isolated tropical island and suffers a sunstroke. He is greeted by a well-dressed, highly educated black native, who rather looks down on him as an inferior bringing an alien way of life to the island. The native excuses himself and disappears, just as the incumbent Peace Corps representatives, Mr. and Mrs. Shawcross, show up. They seem to be Deep South fashionable hippies, as they tell Goldblatt that there is no intelligent native on the island. Now the native returns shabbily dressed and talking like Uncle Tom. Shawcross explains that the natives are so hopelessly illiterate, lazy, and stupid that he and Mrs. Shawcross even have to plant and pick the cotton for them. Left to deal with the truth of the matter, Goldblatt decides to accept the Shawcross version.

The final play, *The Burial of Esposito*, is the most convincing of the three. It depicts a Brooklyn barber whose business has declined because he refuses to cut Negroes' hair. He stands at the funeral of a son killed in Vietnam feeling guilty about not having earned or raised the money to send his boy to college, where deferment would presumably have either prevented or postponed the youth's fate. This guilt is compounded when the barber's wealthy brother-in-law humiliates him by forcing him to take money from him to pay the burial expenses. Amid his despair, the coffin opens, and his son sits up to encourage him. Of course, it is another ghost, and the barber's tragedy is intensified by that subsequent discovery.

As performed by a cast that includes Vincent Gardenia, Robert Loggia, Tresa Hughes, Oliver Clark, and Peter DeAnda, the three plays are substantial and entertaining despite the playwright's tendency to overextend dramatic situations that are quickly grasped, and some ambiguity in his attitude toward the various American institutions he is either parodying or acting as devil's advocate for.

PHILADELPHIA.

Ronald Ribman's 1965 play *Harry, Noon and Night* is being revived here at the Theatre of the Living Arts. In this play, too, the characters seem to represent something more than themselves. Harry is an American homosexual artist of little talent, who lives in Munich and simultaneously defends and attacks American values. Those values are represented in the first act by a GI whom Harry pretends to interview for a magazine, and in the second act by Harry's square brother, Archer, who comes to take him back to Columbus, Ohio. Opposed to them is Immanuel, Harry's European roommate.

For this production, Eugene Lee has designed a setting of a Munich apartment that is a masterpiece of squalor. In it, under Jerome Guardino's uninhibited direction, the performances are vital and memorable. Harry, adroitly played by David Rounds, very effectively allows a national psychosis to surface. Archer, precisely portrayed by Judd Hirsch, is consistently funny without ever trying to be. Lawrence Block, as Immanuel, is wonderfully bizarre, particularly in his deliberately ludicrous preparation of a fish for dinner.

The events of *Harry, Noon and Night* are depressing, yet in this production they are balanced with an inspired grotesque humor that makes the play emerge as an exhilarating experience.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Brooklyn, Maybe?

"MAYBE, JUST MAYBE," said Harvey Lichtenstein hopefully, as he watched (perhaps counted) the figures going down the aisles of his theater, "people are really finding their way to Brooklyn." Lichtenstein is the indomitable young director of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and he believes in the future of the great old building, and he believes also in the future of dance (he was once a dancer himself). For two years now, he has brought the two together in extensive and ambitious dance festivals. (The 1969-70 festival of ten weeks, featuring five different companies, goes into its last two weeks—with Merce Cunningham—January 5.)

Some of the houses, especially a year ago, were pitifully small, and it did, indeed, appear that dance fans from Manhattan and Westchester simply would not bother with Brooklyn, and that Brooklyn itself could supply only a handful of dance followers. But Lichtenstein never gave up hope, and, with the aid of substantial grants from foundations, councils, and the like, he kept going. As a result, during the American Ballet Theatre's two weeks there, every seat (2,300 of them) in the Academy's handsome opera house was sold at several performances.

The American Ballet Theatre has proved to be the best dance attraction on the Brooklyn roster; it was last year, and it has substantially beaten its own record this year. But then, here is a company of international stature, one that is dancing at peak form, and, as I have said before, one that is America's top ballet company if you care about diversified repertory, about star personalities, and about that heady air of glitter and glamour that European companies possess.

I need not list the entire repertory for the triumphant Brooklyn engagement, but just let me say that it included that great classic *Swan Lake* in its entirety, and in the best production to be found anywhere; the full-length comedy classic *Coppélia;* Jerome Robbins's masterwork, Stravinsky's *Les Noces*; Antony Tudor's profoundly touching ceremonial mourning, praying, hoping *Dark Elegies* (to Mahler's *Kindertotenlieder*) and his outrageously funny and campy *Gala Performance* (Prokofiev); a ballet inspired by Lorca; one suggested by Goya; a Balanchine ballet; some dazzlingly acrobatic

—*Martha Swope.*

Lupe Serrano in "Le Corsaire" — "no question whatsoever that here was one of the major ballerinas of the day."

showpieces (like coloratura arias); a definitive staging of Fokine's *Les Sylphides* (the last that the great Russian master personally supervised); and several new works. What other dance company in the world, pray, could perform such a repertory, not just execute it but *dance* it?

The new pieces, all small-scale, included Dennis Nahat's *Brahms Quintet* (which, at this writing, I have not yet seen); *The Eternal Idol,* a choreographic tribute to the sculptor Rodin, by Michael Smuin, one of today's most valuable young choreographers [WORLD OF DANCE, Nov. 29], and a new staging of Lew Christensen's *Divertissement d'Auber,* a *pas de trois.* The Rodin *pas de deux* is a pictorially lovely work in which beautiful bodies are given movement celebration not so much in terms of sculptural poses but, rather, in motor extensions of what sculptured instants suggest. Smuin has elected a romantic, lyrical approach, instead of an erotic one, and his musical support from Chopin supplements this mood. *The Eternal Idol* is not an exciting ballet, but its images fall upon the eye with rare—these days—felicitousness. And, as danced by Cynthia Gregory and Ivan Nagy, for whom it was created, "felicity" becomes "heavenly."

A passing thought on *The Eternal Idol*—the skin-tight dress simulates nudity, but why not nudity itself? (Terpsichore would approve!) Our theater in plays and musicals and revues and movies does not abjure total undress. Neither does modern dance, which was in the vanguard of stage nudity. Someday, ballet will have to try it. *The Eternal Idol,* echoing the coolness of sculpture, would be ideal for the experiment. Lucia Chase and Oliver Smith, co-directors of the American Ballet Theatre, might give it consideration not for reasons of sensationalism (people would go to Brooklyn for *that*) but as an esthetic response to the folk behavior of our times.

The Auber is frankly a show-off piece, and, as such, it is loads of fun. Miss Gregory was brilliant in it, but so too are Roni Mahler and one of the great male ballet technicians of our day, Ted Kivitt. In the *Le Corsaire* duet, choreographed by Rudolf Nureyev after Petipa and to music of Adolphe Adam arranged by Drigo, Kivitt did everything physically that Nureyev (who dances it with Dame Margot Fonteyn) can do, but he has yet to learn how to "sell" it. Nureyev standing still is more volatile than most dancers in action. Kivitt has the strength and the grace, but the dynamism escapes him.

In *Corsaire,* Kivitt partnered Lupe Serrano, whose appearances in Brooklyn were greeted with such unbounded enthusiasm that there was no question whatsoever that here was one of the major ballerinas of the age. I had unavoidably missed her single *Swan Lake,* which even the most jaded balletgoers reported as breathtaking, unforgettable, fantastic. But the *Corsaire* showed me why. There was a new Serrano, not just the incredible virtuosa that audiences from Leningrad to Los Angeles cheer, but a warmly confident artist. In matters of technique, she is not only better than ever, she is incredible, and as a stage presence hers is a radiance rarely seen before. Since her husband and children come first, her appearances with her longtime home company, the American Ballet Theatre, are somewhat limited, but when she returns to the stage, the dividends match more than anything the stock market can offer.

Miss Serrano, of course, shared "prima" honors with Toni Lander, who had opened the season with an electrifying performance of Harald Lander's *Etudes* (ballet techniques from A to Z with many a plus thrown in), and with Miss Gregory, junior but major ballerina, and Sallie Wilson, extraordinary actress-dancer. And the Messrs. Nagy and Kivitt were matched in the male wing by one of the most versatile and accomplished of male dancers, Bruce Marks; the aristocratic Royes Fernandez (you don't know what "polish" is in ABT, frequent guest star Erik Bruhn excepted, until you have seen him), who was at a special peak this season; and many others of the principals, soloists, and corps of a remarkable company that have made Brooklyn not merely sufferable, but a joy.

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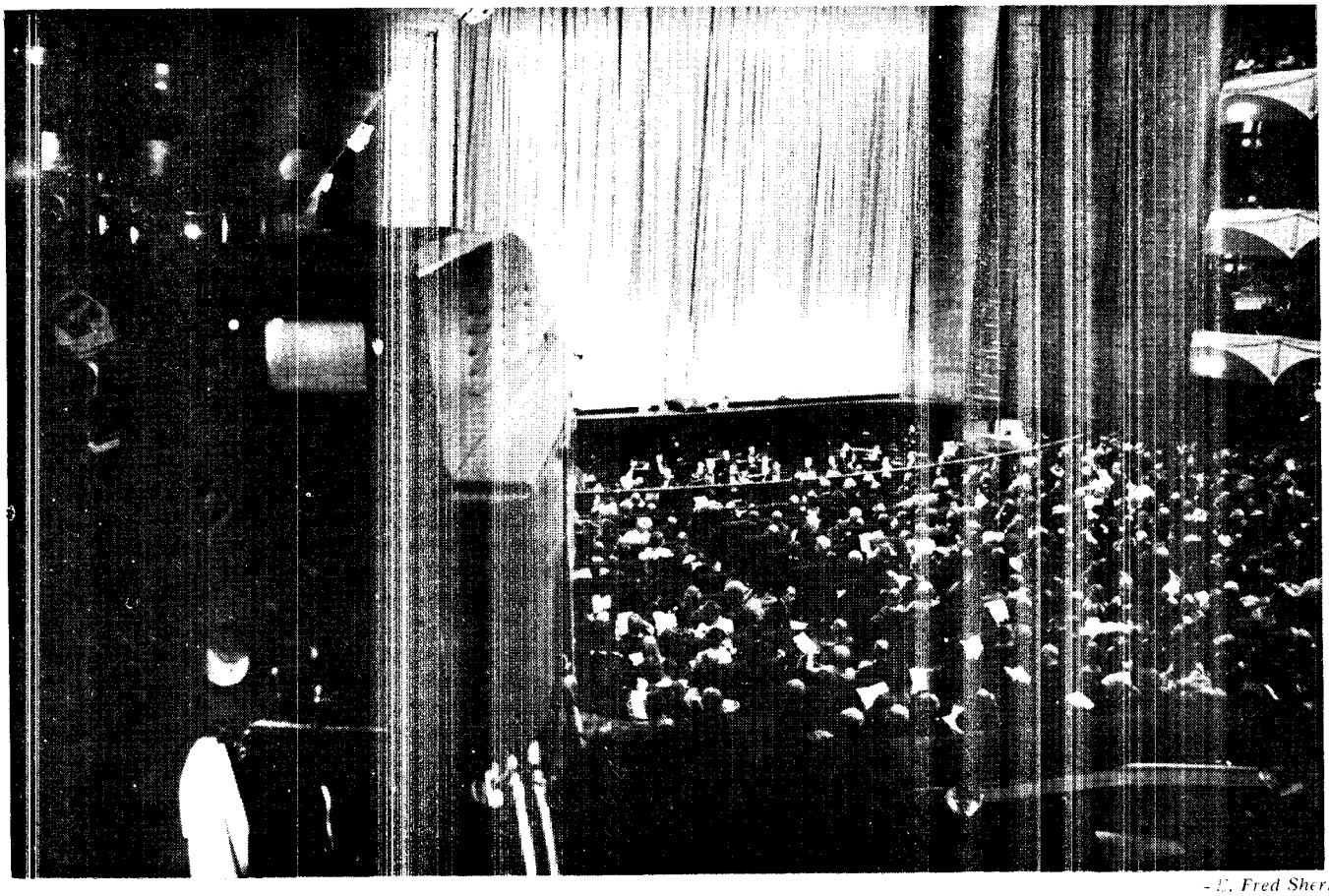

—E. Fred Sher.

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How Long Can the Met Survive?

by IRVING KOLODIN

The weary series of circumstances that impeded the resolution of differences between the Metropolitan Opera's board of directors and its performing personnel left some doubt, until the last moment of decision, whether an opening would be possible in 1969 or pushed into 1970. Thus, even the kind of "papering over" of the rift between them referred to in the issue of October 31, 1969, took inordinately longer than imaginable when the original opening date of September 15 faded into history.

The underlying fact, however, is not when the theater reopens (next week or the week thereafter). The more urgent fact is how long it will remain open. Under the terms of the agreement preferred by key unions among the fourteen with which the Metropolitan does business, contracts are binding for a three-year term. In reality, that is only two-and-a-half years, plus—the remainder of the 1969-70 season, and the two that follow. By July 30, 1972—which is to say, even before the conventions decide on the candidates of the major political parties for the next Presidential election—the Metropolitan board, personnel, and public will confront the same problems all over again: namely, who pays how much for what?

It is a rather dismal realization that, after nearly ninety years of existence (as will be the case in 1972), the future of the Metropolitan will come to an outcome dependent more on cash than on any credit attached to its position of prominence on the American scene. This is no crisis in confidence; it is, rather, a crisis in no confidence.

If confidence did exist between the parties, the halving of the 1969-70 season could have been avoided, the subsequent weeks carried forward as scheduled while negotiations progressed. There would have been no displaced operagoers, no unemployed performers, no ugly charges about the unemployment benefits impeded, or retroactive pay for weeks and months of income forfeit. It was the lack of such confidence that caused management, mindful of its costly lesson in

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1966 (when it had to commit itself to a sharp rise in wages for the orchestra because it could not take a threatened strike that would close the new theater in Lincoln Center), to insist that it could not begin rehearsals this year without a contract. It was, equally, lack of confidence on the part of the key unions previously mentioned that caused them to look with suspicion on one offer after another, including a "final" one that would have covered a four-year term. Were they really dissatisfied with its ultimate provisions, or was this merely a way of saying, "If Rudolf Bing is going to be in the picture after 1971-72, we'll have to talk about it then"?

What it comes down to is that the board of directors has about thirty-one months in which to decide what kind of theater (if any) the Metropolitan is going to be when the present arrangement expires. It has not won a pardon from the harsh sentence of artistic death that has hung over it for the past half-year, but a reprieve. It has thirty-one months, or 124 weeks, or 870 days—give or take a few—to work out some of the gravest problems that have confronted a Metropolitan directorate in its long history.

These are not merely problems of artistic policies and finance, but, to an even larger degree, problems of human relations. The time when the board of directors could regard itself as so many lords of the manor and the members of the orchestra, chorus, ballet, etc., as the "help" is passed. The board, no matter who its officers or members may be, is the repository of a public trust that involves obligations as well as privileges. Some may regard the obligations as financial, the privileges as social. Five million dollars in deficit funding, as will be required all too soon, is no meager sum to raise. But some persons, looking at it from the other side, may cite this as a privilege, in return for the positions of prominence they enjoy.

At the core of the whole vexing problem is the simple fact that opera on the Metropolitan scale is an anachronism within an anachronism. The concepts to which it is responsive were born in a time when the cheapest of commodities was man- (and woman-) power. In the circumstances where grand opera flourishes at its grandest (on the large scale of *Aïda*, for example, or *Die Meistersinger*), the multiples of visible manpower extend into the hundreds for orchestra, chorus, ballet, and principals—and behind them, invisibly, support-forces of stagehands, dressers, wig makers, tailors, carpenters, etc., almost as large. Not even the fact that one electrician can pull a switch to activate a hundred bulbs makes much difference. He has a coterie of helpers (on salary, of course) ready to replace a bulb should an emergency arise. And until the emergency does, the salary goes on.

Such is the anachronistic condition of needs and times. The inner anachronism is that for doing this kind of once-cheap, once-abundant hand labor, the chorus, orchestra, ballet, stagehands, etc., want to be paid—not irrationally—according to the going rates of the industrialized society in which they exist. Milk costs are milk costs whether you play the races or play the piccolo. Con Edison is no respecter of persons, artistic or otherwise, and the cost-of-living index that drives plumbers' wages up is a burden on percussion players as well. Should there, some might ask, be compensating professional pride in being a fiddle player rather than a horse player? If there should, it is rarely mentioned in these tough-tempered times. What is called "the sport of kings" costs its participants lots of money, but it has its winners as well as its losers. Opera is another kind of "sport of kings" that costs its sponsors a lot of money. But if it has any winners, it is only those who derive the satisfactions that go with being part of it.

Such satisfactions, I think, could include the many persons in the pit and on the stage who have been the loudest dissidents in the longest labor dispute in Metropolitan history. The crucial consideration, however, is whether they do, or can be made to, derive satisfaction from being participants. To the untutored, however interested, observer, the dollars and cents are all that is visible of the rock on which the present season almost foundered. But to those with a closer awareness of the circumstances, there is a larger, perhaps even more resistant obstacle below the surface.

This is the sum of their dignity as individuals, which must be engaged on a level of equality if they are to regard themselves as collaborators rather than merely employees. At an early point—relatively speaking—of the recent unpleasantness, a prominent municipal official with a disposition to being helpful observed to a third party, also disposed to being helpful: "If they put a few artists on the board, maybe things would go better. We found that worked well with a tough school situation, when we put a couple of educators on the board." This is such sound advice it is almost certain to be ignored. If the people who make the sacrifices of time and effort to raise the necessary funds from others could see their way to welcoming "artists" into the inner councils of the Metropolitan, the crisis of confidence would not merely be resolved, it would be dissolved.

It would also mark a step forward toward the inevitable time—come weal or woe, and open theater or shut—when the master-and-help relationship must be altered if the theater is to survive. At present, it is embodied in the authoritarian figure of Rudolf Bing, who was reared in a theatrical environment in which those who paid the piper called the tune—also made the conditions for toeing the mark and tying the tie. As was the case with some predecessors, these attitudes have produced a substantial body of admirable results and left injured feelings as well. If the future is to be based on collaboration rather than contention, another attitude and another alignment of checks and balances are essential.

If there is, thus, a case for an altered attitude on the part of the Metropolitan's administration—which is to say, the disposition of the authority allocated to it by the board of directors—there is also a strong case for an alteration of attitude on the part of personnel and those to whom it should be (but not always is) nominally responsible: its union officials. It was an irony, if an unintentional one, that the opening radio broadcast (December 6) of the unbegun Metropolitan season was devoted to an RCA recording of Verdi's *Macbeth*, with the late Leonard Warren as the burly voice of its protagonist. As the operatic world knows to its sorrow, Warren suffered a stroke and died during a performance in March 1960. The *Macbeth* (released in 1959) was the *last* Metropolitan opera to be recorded in this country because the prices that have been put upon such participation by the American Federation of Musicians are prohibitive. This has deprived not only the Metropolitan of income that might derive from such projects, but also the AFM membership itself. Here is a consideration of collaboration on the side of "labor" that might enter into a greater degree of collaboration on the side of "management"—absurd as the terms are when there is nothing to be divided at the end of the year but a deficit.

In their provocative book of 1966, entitled *The Performing Arts: The Economic Dilemma*, the Messrs. Baumol and Bowen of Princeton University cut through a tangle of verbal underbrush to arrive at the realistic estimate that opera, along with other forms of artistic effort, is in a squeeze between two opposed forces. On the one side, as indicated above, is the economic

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condition of a highly unionized society, in which the costs of goods and services are constantly rising; on the other are the static needs of an art rooted in conditions remote from those that prevail today. They are, by all present indications, unalterably, implacably opposed, and nothing but head-on confrontation impends.

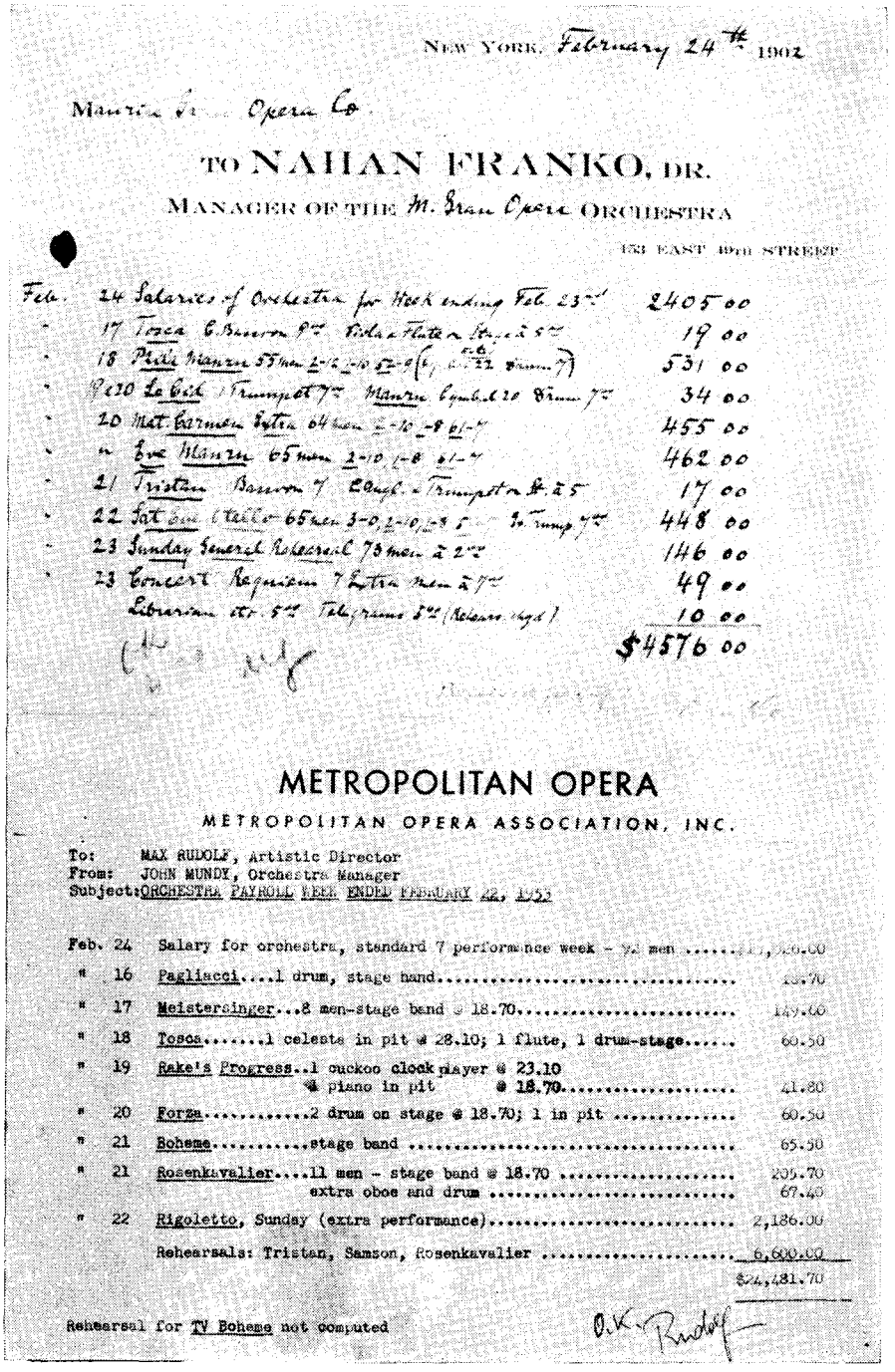
That is, if the conventional concepts and the traditional ways of doing operatic business over the decades persist. The challenge to the Metropolitan, and the price of its survival, is deeply involved with the extent to which it *masters* its technological environment rather than being perpetually *slave* to it. It could begin on stage with newer, more contemporary, less costly production procedures than have prevailed up till now.

Cornell MacNeil, a leading baritone of the Metropolitan company as well as vigorous participant in the American Guild of Musical Artists' negotiations on behalf of chorus, ballet, solo artists, etc., has strong feelings on the subject of such electronic adjuncts as cable TV and the pending introduction of audio-visual cassettes (the kind which could be, displayed through the home TV). Here, clearly, is an aspect of Metropolitan Opera in which the theories of Baumol and Bowen could be adapted to the benefit of all concerned. That is to say, by utilizing the innovations of a technological age to the benefit of an art form disadvantaged by it. The Metropolitan radio broadcasts, which provide auxiliary income to all concerned, were strenuously resisted by Gatti-Casazza in his time. The Met's recent experiment with "in performance" TV with Japanese technicians and equipment failed in its objective because, according to well-informed if unofficial sources, the technical results were subpar. Some believe that domestic technicians could improve on that standard, given adequate opportunity—with a view to servicing the subscription audience of cable TV rather than a commercial sponsor via a tape.

Obviously, before any such outcome can be contemplated, a broader base of cooperation and collaboration must be created. Labor's reservations, suspicions, and lack of confidence must be mitigated, perhaps through some gesture of conciliation on the part of management. That cannot be realistically anticipated while the states of minds and spirits engendered by the Bing administration remain in being.

As may happen in affairs involving human as well as economic factors, the fortunes of individuals may be overtaken in a march of events. Giulio Gatti-Casazza was a greatly successful director of the Metropolitan until the Depression brought into being conditions beyond his control or capacity to master. Rudolf Bing has conditioned the Metropolitan's board to the belief that what was an "unacceptable" deficit of $450,000 in 1953 could be multiplied tenfold without being unacceptable in 1972. (In defense of the earlier deficit, the appended comparison of costs for orchestral services over the decades was circulated. By the standards of 1970, the figures for 1953 look as nostalgic as those for 1902 did then.) But the conditions of continuing inflation may be as critical for Bing as those of the Depression were for Gatti—his only rival in length of tenure among Metropolitan general managers.

As of now, the question is not so much of finances and how they are divided, but of what they produce in human relations as well as artistic results. If the energy expended on both sides results in a truly meaningful kind of collaboration, the Met can survive indefinitely, given sacrifices by all concerned. If not, the last program of the July 1972 sequence may join the last issue of the *World-Journal-Tribune* as a sad commentary on the inability of human beings to act together in their own interests.



NEW YORK, February 24th 1902

Maurice [illegible] Opera Co.

TO NAHAN FRANKO, DR.

MANAGER OF THE M. Grau Opera ORCHESTRA

133 EAST 58th STREET

Feb. 24	Salaries of Orchestra for Week ending Feb 23rd	2405 00
" 17	Tosca 6 Buseni 9th Extra Flute & Piccolo 5th	19 00
" 18	Pagliacci [illegible]	531 00
" 20	La Boh Trumpet 7th Mauro Cymbals 20 8th 7th	34 00
" 20	Mat Carmen Extra 64 men 2-10 -8 61-7	455 00
" 21	Eve Manon 65 men 2-10 -8 61-7	462 00
" 21	Tristan Busoni 7 Engl. Trumpet & 25	17 00
" 22	Sat Eve (Matinee 65 men 3-0 2-0 -8 5 2 Trump 7th	448 00
" 23	Sunday General Rehearsal 73 men & 2nd	146 00
" 23	Concert Requiem 7 Extra men & 7th	49 00
	Librarian etc 5th Telegrams 5th (Reimb. Sgd.)	10 00
		$4576 00

METROPOLITAN OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA ASSOCIATION, INC.

To: MAX RUDOLF, Artistic Director
From: JOHN MUNDY, Orchestra Manager
Subject: ORCHESTRA PAYROLL WEEK ENDED FEBRUARY 22, 1953

Feb. 24	Salary for orchestra, standard 7 performance week - [illegible] men	[illegible]
" 16	Pagliacci....1 drum, stage hand	18.70
" 17	Meistersinger...8 men-stage band @ 18.70	149.60
" 18	Tosca.....1 celeste in pit @ 28.10; 1 flute, 1 drum-stage	60.50
" 19	Rake's Progress..1 cuckoo clock player @ 23.10 & piano in pit @ 18.70	41.80
" 20	Forza.....2 drum on stage @ 18.70; 1 in pit	60.50
" 21	Boheme.....stage band	65.50
" 21	Rosenkavalier....11 men - stage band @ 18.70 extra oboe and drum	205.70 67.40
" 22	Rigoletto, Sunday (extra performance)	2,186.00
	Rehearsals: Tristan, Samson, Rosenkavalier	6,600.00
		$24,481.70

Rehearsal for TV Boheme not computed

O.K. Rudolf

"By the standards of 1970, the figures for 1953 look as nostalgic as those for 1902 did then." Under the new contract, weekly orchestral costs for seven performances would be $46,000 rather than $15,026 as it was in 1953.

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Ansermet's Own Valedictory

Memorials are a divided lot. Many bank on fame, often long gone, as a substitute for standing; others affirm the validity of him who has passed. It is among the latter that I should place three albums issued recently by London in honor of the late Ernest Ansermet. Until his death on February 20, 1969, Ansermet was a pivotal figure in this company's catalogue; years before the association began, he had won a big reputation as conductor, especially for the music of his time. It is fitting, therefore, for London to have paid tribute on more grounds than one. I am glad to report that the performances of which these memorials are comprised—the last three recordings by Ansermet—justify the honors that have been paid.

In a biography of Ansermet's great (and slightly older) contemporary, Pierre Monteux, the conductor's widow has declared that Monteux's one wish above all else was to be considered "professional"—a practicing musician with full mastery of his craft. The same quality attaches to Ansermet, whose career paralleled so strikingly that of Monteux: both men were Gallic-oriented, conducted (during the 1960s) well into their eighties, had been associated with important Stravinsky premieres (Ansermet, *Les noces;* Monteux, *Le sacre du printemps*), and had made orchestral clarity their most important contribution. On reflection, there comes still another trait shared by these masters: durability. In the wake of more exciting conductors—some synthetic, others genuine—interpretations by this pair have held the listener through their knowing, balanced, scrupulously worked approach.

The question of passion is another matter, a quality on which one perhaps ought not call when so many other assets are at hand. Ansermet, in the live performances that I attended, did not project it; Monteux rarely did, except on two or three unforgettable nights. Their norm was geared to objectivity rather than demonstration. And they both were old when most of us knew them. Better to concentrate on the remarkably poised, almost scientific nature of their art.

Of the three commemorative albums, two were recorded by Ansermet with his own group, L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, and the third with the New Philharmonia Orchestra (a crack English outfit). Unlike the usual story of the conductor who turns in revelatory accounts of the music with his ensemble of years' standing and who does himself less than justice with players from another town, Ansermet achieves his finest work with the New Philharmonia, which plays *L'oiseau de feu* under his direction (stereo, FBD S-1, $6.98, two discs). The orchestra performs at a peak of virtuosity, making this reading of the Stravinsky (the complete ballet, not the concert suite) an outstanding event by any standards. And the London engineers—who seem to be leading a double life: Jekyll in symphonic recordings, Hyde in opera—have implemented this performance with a tonal refinement and clarity that match the conductor's ideals at every turn.

—*Eugene Cook.*

Ansermet conducting the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra during the opening-week concerts of Philharmonic Hall in 1962—"staggering knowledge of the score."

After years of listening to the concert suite from *L'oiseau de feu,* one returns to the score of the full ballet with astonishment at how very long it is, how many subordinate ideas it contains that had escaped the memory. And yet, especially in this superb recording, one would not part with a single page. Architecture, colors, rhythms, tempos are judged unerringly by Ansermet. One has heard a page or two (notably the "Infernal Dance of King Kastcheï") played with more dramatic stress; but on the present discs an overall balletic flow, a feeling of undiluted dance replaces the symphonic highlight. Included as a dividend is an extra recording of Ansermet at work with the New Philharmonia Orchestra on a rehearsal of *L'oiseau de feu.* The conductor's remarks—in clear, well-chosen English—and his staggering knowledge of the score, deftly transmitted to the players, make this addition a welcome one.

The two companion albums, less important, bring good listening. Both were well performed by L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande with something of a home-grown, less *luxe* quality than that of the British group. And one of them (stereo, CS 6615, $5.98) features a composer previously unknown to me: Albéric Magnard (1865-1914), pupil of Vincent D'Indy but more related in sensuousness of color to Chausson. It comes as perhaps no accident that the key of this Magnard Symphony No. 3 is B flat—the tonality of the Chausson Symphony, and also of the D'Indy No. 2, under whose spell Magnard had fallen. The work, in general, resembles almost any Franck derivative of the period, plus a dash of Bruckner and a squirt of Mahler—in short, post-Romantic in the textbook, compartmental sense. This is agreeable, unmemorable music, and Ansermet does it proud. On the same disc is a Scherzo for Orchestra of Edouard Lalo, equally transitory but brilliantly performed.

The other composer is Arthur Honegger, represented on the third memorial disc (stereo, CS 6616, $5.98) by his unfamiliar Symphonies Nos. 3 and 4. Continuing the spirit—if not the effect—of the wartime Second Symphony, with its crowning trumpet solo of affirmation, the Third, subtitled *Liturgique,* is a meditation in three movements on world conflict. Every one of the movements bears an individual name: "Dies Irae," "De Profundis," "Dona Nobis Pacem," each of which is obviously connected with the body of worship and, even more evidently—in Honegger's rather unsubtle brush strokes—with the cause and outcome of battle. In the same area where the Second Symphony reached a radiant yet unspecified climax, the Third bogs down with an elaborate programmatic scheme. And the melody of peace, emerging toward the close of the work, suggests the awaited coda of a feature picture as heard from the lounge of a movie house. This Symphony has noble strivings, but naïve means of realization.

Much finer is the Honegger No. 4, subtitled *Deliciae Basilienses* ("The Delights of Basel"), an ode to the Swiss landscape and its joys. The music lacks pretentiousness, has great charm—in Honegger's manner of *Pastorale d'été*—and is developed with mastery. Both symphonies are given exemplary performances by Ansermet in this valedictory album.

—Robert Lawrence.

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Handel's "Samson" Glorified

From "Total eclipse!" to "Let the bright Seraphim," Handel's dramatic oratorio *Samson* is frequently made glorious by some of his most emotional and stirring strokes of great genius. For full revelation of that genius through sufficient projection of both Handel's score and Newburgh Hamilton's surpassing text (derived from Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, some of his shorter poems, and directly from the King James Bible), amateur or semi-professional singers guided by just any capable conductor will not serve. Not only must the performers be first-rate, the conductor must have a certain and pliable sense of Handelian style. For that reason, *Samson* has never been satisfactorily represented on records. Deutsche Grammophon now has filled in that lacuna with a superbly performed, excellently recorded *Samson* (Archiv Produktion stereo, 198 461/464, $23.98).

The music captured on these eight record-sides runs for almost three-and-a-half hours. Although that duration might, to the oratorio's advantage, have been lessened by a very slight quickening of tempo in two or three places, only the warmest praise is due the conductor, Karl Richter. His worthy colleagues include Martina Arroyo (Dalila), Norma Procter (Micah), Helen Donath and Sheila Armstrong (secondary roles), Alexander Young (Samson), Jerry J. Jennings (secondary roles), Thomas Stewart (Manoa), and Ezio Flagello (Harapha), as well as the Munich Bach Choir and Munich Bach Orchestra. Miss Arroyo and Mr. Flagello are in superb voice; nobody (except, just for moments, Miss Procter) is afflicted by oratoriosis, that deadening malady caught in Victorian England by Handel singers. Everyone involved here seems fully convinced that he is taking part not in a religious service but in a drama so theatrical that to stage it as an opera would be only a little unnecessary. The timbres of Handel's orchestra are heard no less clearly than the beautiful English phrasing of Hamilton's text; both are inflected and paced with admirable sensitivity and control. Among Handel's oratorios, I should place Samson below only *Jephtha* and *Messiah*; among recordings of those oratorios, this one belongs at the top, on the otherwise lonely level of Colin Davis's *Messiah* for Philips.

Alexander Young—"Never has it ['Total eclipse!'] been sung more purposefully."

"Total eclipse!" has been recorded by voices more beautiful than Mr. Young's sounds here, but never has it been sung more purposefully in terms of the recitative that precedes it and the chorus that follows. Young is even more stirring dramatically in the very modern-sounding accompanied recitative "My genial spirits droop." In the magnificent "Return, Oh God of hosts," Miss Procter altogether dispenses with the intermittently hollow articulation of her handsome contralto, and the succeeding chorus is taken at tempos so right that they pass unnoticed. And tempo is perhaps the most frequently misjudged musical element in Handel, as it is in Purcell, whose bright image is often reflected in the pages of *Samson*. When the giant Philistine Harapha's "Honour and arms" arrives, Flagello produces the finest singing I have heard from him, and thrilling drama it is. And then, of course, Act II ends with that psychologically deep-probing chorus of great fame, "Fix'd in his everlasting seat," of which Mr. Richter takes full and proper advantage.

But the capstone of *Samson* is its Act III. There we have: Harapha again, with Flagello vividly violent in "Presuming slave"; the excellent projection of the chorus "With thunder arm'd," *da capo* and all; Samson's exquisitely pastoral "Thus when the sun," in which Young excels; Thomas Stewart victorious over a certain wor-risome tonelessness in Manoa's touching song of affection for his son, "How willing my paternal love"; Miss Procter splendid again in Micah's "Ye sons of Israel"; the orchestral "Dead March," so near to and so far from the more familiar one in *Saul*, and played with unwavering rightness; and (last and perhaps most) Manoa's valedictory over Samson, "Glorious hero," emotionally not very remote, as Mr. Stewart's bass incarnates it, from some great Verdi arias, and then the "golden wires" and glinting brass of "Let the bright Seraphim," Handel at nearly his most imperial. (Unhappily, because of the way the roles are listed both in the brochure and on the records themselves, I am unable to decide whether the exquisite singing of this last is Miss Donath's or Miss Armstrong's. Unhappily, too, I may seem to be slighting Miss Arroyo, for Handel's genius did far less for Dalila than for the other principals, but not at all because she is less than one of our finest sopranos whenever given the chance.)

The brochure supplied with this recording is both handsome and properly useful. It contains an interesting essay (in German, French, and English) on oratorio in general and the origins of *Samson* in particular, by Hans-Dieter Clausen; the text as sung (with German and French translations); a side-by-side tally of the individual numbers, with timings; and a list of the instruments employed. Happily, it also tells us where we are: "The version presented here is based on a comparison between all the libretti published in connection with Handel's performances, and his own conducting score. . . . This version follows Handel's practice in the division of the roles among the various singers; it contains all the arias and recitatives apart from those which Handel deleted immediately after the first performance and never restored later, and it does not include any later editions." Such courtesy to listeners and readers fittingly accompanies a major recording event.

—Herbert Weinstock.

School of Fatal Knocks

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

"Maybe this will teach you"
cried the soldier
After biting the grenade
and throwing it

Walking
among the dead
Thereafter
looking for the educated

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Recordings in Review

Schloss Schubert 1828

SCHUBERT: *Sonata in B flat (Op. Posth.). Artur Rubinstein, piano.* RCA stereo, LSC 3122, $5.98.

IS IT POSSIBLE for a performer to have too high an esteem for a work to do it justice? There is no contemporary recording by the late Wilhelm Backhaus of Beethoven's Opus 106 Sonata (*Hammerklavier*) because he left it to the last when he made his cycle of the thirty-two works in stereo, and time ran out before he got to the studio to do it. The Toscanini recording of the Schubert C-major Symphony with The Philadelphia Orchestra was long withheld from the market for reasons perhaps inherent in the high standard he set for realizing his concept of the work.

In the instance of this other work of the same Schubertian period (the last year of his life), Artur Rubinstein has finally given his blessing to the release of a Rome-made version of last June. Doubtless, everyone who has ever discussed music with Rubinstein has been acquainted with his "private" affection for the bountiful stream of music Schubert poured into his work. My own awareness goes back a decade or so, when, in the course of an interview, I noticed the music on the piano rack and learned of his lifelong "private" attachment to it.

—RCA.

Artur Rubinstein during recording session of Schubert B-flat Sonata in Rome.

Since then Rubinstein has brought it into his public repertory and made multiple attempts to record it to his satisfaction. Three versions fell by the wayside, each for a different reason—a change of attitude, the wrong piano sound, an evolution of treatment after the public experiences. What we have here, then, is the vintage 1969 Schloss Schubert Rubinsteingau—a growth with a fine pedigree as well as the richest of roots. But the bouquet and the aroma suggest that the harvest may have been gathered a trifle late, and the taste is drier, to this palate, than even 1828 Schloss Schubert should be.

Or to put the matter in more general terminology, what we have here is less a distillation of the music's essence than a dissertation on it. For all of Rubinstein's enormous experience as a performer, there is a sensation—to me—of the music being held, reverently, at arm's length and examined by a probing mind rather than being embraced to the heart. There is every reason to admire Rubinstein's probing mind, but it is for the qualities of the heart that we love his Chopin, his Schumann, his Brahms.

To be sure, this performance of the Schubert is not without "heart"—and Rubinstein's absorption with the subject matter results in an exposition of subtle relationships and an illumination of fine points that are rarely heard. But, overall, there is a kind of reserve, reticence, and, almost, standoffishness that gives us neither the best of Rubinstein nor of Schubert. Someday, perhaps, we shall also have the option of buying the 1964, the 1965, and the 1966 versions and discovering, really, which one suits our taste best.

The "New" Tebaldi

WAGNER: *"Dich, teure Halle," "Elisabeth's Prayer" (Tannhäuser); "Elsa's Dream" (Lohengrin); and "Liebestod" (Tristan und Isolde).* BIZET: *"Habanera," "Card Scene" (Carmen).* SAINT-SAENS: *"Amour, viens m'aider," "Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix" (Samson et Dalila).* MASSENET: *"Adieu, notre petite table," "L'oiseau qui fuit" (Manon). Renata Tebaldi, soprano; with the New Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Anton Guadagno.* VERDI: *"Ritorna vincitor" (Aïda).* PUCCINI: *"Quando m'en vo" (La Bohème).* ROSSINI: *La Regata Veneziana.* LARA: *"Granada."* PONCE: *"Estrellita."* CARDILLO: *"Catari, Catari."* TOSTI: *"A Vucchella."* DE CURTIS: *"Non ti scordar di me."* RODGERS: *"If I Loved You" (Carousel). Tebaldi, soprano; with the New Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Richard Bonynge.* London stereo, OSA 1282, $11.98.

THE FIRST impression, from a scanning of the repertory of these two discs, would be it a) is the work of a "new" singer from Italy with the same name as the one long admired at the Metropolitan and elsewhere; or b) represents a turn in a new direction by the veritable Tebaldi. Closer inspection reveals that it is neither. It is a gathering together of things that Tebaldi likes to sing but has not previously recorded. They are, not altogether incidentally, things that do not probe too often into the register that serves her least well these days—the top.

A central few of them—especially the excerpts from *Samson et Dalila* and *Carmen*—lie so well for her and engage her sympathies sufficiently to make one wonder what would have happened had she ventured a whole role of this order rather than merely an aria or two. Several others—especially "Musetta's Waltz," the *Manon* excerpts, and the "Liebestod"—argue the premise that, where London is concerned, what Renata wants, Renata gets. And a few, such as "Estrellita," "Granada," and "If I Loved You," are full of hearty operatic emotion, however excessive.

What finally determines that this release be stamped "For Friends Only" is the unvarying use of Italian texts for the operatic arias, whether written in French, German, or Italian. Spanish appears for two songs, and "If I Loved You" is performed in carefully studied English. Both conductors perform their office with due consideration and helpful understanding.

Boulez, Barenboim, Bartók

BARTOK: *Concertos Nos. 1 and 3. Daniel Barenboim, piano; with Pierre Boulez conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra.* Angel stereo, S 36605, $5.98.

HAVING COMPLETED his cycle of the Beethoven concerti with Otto Klemperer, Daniel Barenboim has paused in his other current occupation—the complete round of Mozart concerti under his own direction—to indulge another side of his musical nature. That relates to more of an identity with twentieth-century music than most people would attribute to him. How great an identity is disclosed by his collaboration with Pierre Boulez, an affiliation that leaves no doubt of Barenboim's awareness of

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where real authority in such matters reposes.

What is immediately apparent at the outset of Concerto No. 1 is the sense of clarity and balance that dominates the common effort. Never in the least overvibrant, muddy, or thickly stranded, the Boulez Bartók partakes of the same kind of transparency, evenness of texture, and bell-like brightness that characterizes most of his best recordings. There are some works with which this attribute of Boulez deals less than kindly, but these scores of Bartók are not among them.

In some opinion, the earlier Bartók work shows a more adventurous, powerfully motivated spirit than the latter. To my way of hearing the effort of Boulez and Barenboim, they divine the underlying unity in his musical output and apply their insights where they do the most good. These include a complete grasp of his musical idiom, its subtleties and refinements, to a degree rarely shared by any pair of prior interpreters. The result is a creative collaboration which—should Columbia Records continue to sanction the Boulez participation — could have many valuable outcomes.

Chamber Music by Wolf and Bruckner

WOLF: *Italian Serenade.* BRUCKNER: *Quintet. Melos Quartet; with Enrique Santiago, viola.* Candide stereo, CE 31014, $3.98.

IT IS NO secret that Hugo Wolf wrote a work for a quartet of strings, of which there is also a version for string orchestra, and the *Italian Serenade* is its name. But chamber music by Bruckner? Surely there must be some mistake, or some other Bruckner. But those who are acquainted with it in the version of the Amadeus Quartet (and Cecil Aronowitz) on DGG, as well as on a version or two of an earlier phonographic period, know there is no mistake and no other Bruckner.

The special oddity in this work first performed in the 1880s (written for his friend, Joseph Hellmesberger, the great Viennese violinist) is the dominance of the Bruckner musician personality despite the limited means available to him. The ideas of the "Scherzo," for example, with their *Luftpausen,* repetitions, and sudden darts in a new direction, are typical of the symphonist, and no one else of his time could have written such an "Adagio," with its melting warmth, richness of feeling, and breadth of statement. If the fast movements leave something less than a sense of wholeness, this too is part of the Bruckner "quality."

Anton Bruckner—"warmth, richness of feeling, and breadth of statement."

In addition to giving the quintet its full measure of introspection and gravity, the Melos Quartet (a German group led by Wilhelm Melcher, not to be confused with the English Melos Ensemble) turns its attention to Wolf with results of equal excellence. This applies not merely to technical facility, but even more to basic character, which has a lilt and lightness not heard in recent versions of the enlarged version. Together, the performances make any new recording from the same source something not to be ignored. Candide's Dolby S/N Stretcher was in fine fettle when this tape was processed.

More from Marlboro

BRAHMS: *Serenade in A (Op. 16). Pablo Casals conducting the Marlboro Festival Orchestra.* MOZART: *Sonata in A (K. 12); Sonata in F (K. 13). Pina Carmirelli, violin; Rudolf Serkin, piano; and David Cole, cello.* MRS-1, *$6.50.* SCHOENBERG: *Suite (Op. 29). Leon Kirchner conducting James Corwin, E-flat clarinet; Harold Wright, B-flat clarinet; Don Stewart, bass clarinet; Jaime Laredo, violin; Samuel Rhodes, viola; Madeline Foley, cello; and Ruth Laredo, piano.* BOCCHERINI: *Quintet in F minor (Op. 42, No. 1). Pina Carmirelli and Jon Toth, violins; Philipp Naegele, viola; Fortunato Arico and Dorothy Reichenberger, cellos.* MRS-2, $6.50. SCHOENBERG: *Serenade (Op. 24). Harold Wright, B-flat clarinet; Don Stewart, bass clarinet; Stanley Silverman, guitar; Jacob Glick, mandolin; Jaime Laredo, violin; Samuel Rhodes, viola; Madeline Foley, cello; and Thomas Paul, basso; with Leon Kirchner conducting.* SCHUBERT: *Introduction and Variations (Op. 160). Paula Sylvester, flute; Rudolf Serkin, piano.* MRS-3, $6.50. BEETHOVEN: *Trio in C (Op. 87). John Mack and Joseph Turner, oboes; and Patricia Grignet, English horn. Variations in E flat (Op. 44). Hidetaro Suzuki, violin; Ronald Leonard, cello; and Rudolf Serkin, piano.* MRS-4, $6.50.

LIKE A farmer who has produced a larger crop than his contracted outlets can market, the Marlboro Festival has generated so much music that it has decided to go into the processing business itself. It will, according to present intentions, continue its arrangement with Columbia Records for serving retail outlets. The products of the Marlboro Recording Society, of which Mischa Schneider is the artistic director and Michael Clement the manager, will be available only by mail from the Marlboro Recording Society, 1430 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19102.

As the contents of the first four records suggest, the Marlboro Recording Society aims, in the main, to deal with matter not in general supply otherwise (the A-major Serenade of Brahms is an exception, but it is coupled with two "sonatas" written by the eight-year-old Mozart during his London visit of 1764). The reputation of Rudolf Serkin and his associates for musicianship of the highest order is sustained in each of the issues, across the broad range of styles and personnel involved. Perhaps the most enlivening performance of the lot is a "live" one in which Paula Sylvester, a remarkably accomplished flutist, joins Serkin in the extended series of variations Schubert wrote on his "Trock'ne Blumen." Least animated is the trio of the Beethoven disc, in which the notes are carefully, accurately articulated, but without much imaginative impulse.

This disc also directs attention to a lack of annotation, comment, or historical detail in the series as a whole. Beethoven enthusiasts know that the Opus 87 Trio was written in 1794 (when he was twenty-four) but not published until a dozen years later; others might wonder how he came to produce so retrogressive an example of his abilities after writing the five piano concerti, six symphonies, and nine string quartets! The gray sleeve is identical for each issue, thus precluding notes on the back side; but, surely, a simple statement of relevant data could be slipped into the package.

The engineering, whether of live or studio performances, is uniformly high (Andrew Kasdin, Edward Graham, Anna Tecklin, and Marc J. Aubort are recurrent names among the credits) and thoroughly satisfactory in sound, even though there is nothing on the cover to indicate that stereo procedures have been utilized.

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Orchestral LPs

Data	Report	
Bach, C. P. E.: Concerto in D minor. Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichord; with the Collegium Aureum. Concerto in E flat. Helmut Hucke, Baroque oboe; with the ensemble of the Collegium Aureum. Victrola stereo, VICS 1463, $2.98.	Is the Collegium Aureum destined to be the voice of a C.P.E. revival as the Virtuosi di Roma were of the Vivaldi upsurge? If so, the cause could not be presented with greater persuasion or more discriminating musical judgment. Both works are projected with finesse, and with the vigor that is sometimes absent in overly sophisticated ensembles. Each abounds with the unexpected diversions and digressions to which Carl Philipp was prone, and, as well, to the	somewhat downright stodgy formulations from which they emerge. For my taste, the Leonhardt performance on the harpsichord clarifies that work to a greater degree than Hucke's oboe playing. Doubtless the fidelity to the original sound will promote tolerance of the Baroque oboe among some more partial to an illusion than an actuality, but it is not an engaging sound by any standard and prone to waver in pitch. Excellent recording in both instances.
Bach, J. C.: Sinfonia Concertante in C. Richard Adeney, flute; Peter Graeme, oboe; Emanuel Hurwitz, violin; and Keith Harvey, cello; with the English Chamber Orchestra conducted by Richard Bonynge. Sinfonia in E flat. Bonynge conducting. **Salieri, A.:** Sinfonia in D; Concerto in C. Bonynge conducting the English Chamber Orchestra; with James Brown, oboe; and Adeney, flute. London stereo, CS 6621, $5.98.	Both sides of this disc offer experiences that are not only enjoyable but illuminating. The reason, in both instances, is the same: Johann Christian Bach and Antonio Salieri are, equally, composers who have been much written about but seldom performed in our time. Here there is opportunity to add to some, if scanty, prior knowledge of J.C. Bach, and the almost total ignorance of Salieri. There is no surprise that the "London" Bach should provide the kind of fluently ingenious movements to be heard in the Sinfonia Concertante as well as the Symphony: Willem Mengelberg provided an indoctrination, for any who cared to listen (in the late Twenties), in his performances and recording of the B-flat Symphony. However, the craftsmanship and beauty of the Salieri Concerto are	likely to surprise those who might have concluded, because of his position vis-à-vis Mozart and Beethoven, that he was just an unadventurous hack. Unadventurous, perhaps; but hack, no. Bonynge conducts all the works (in his own editions of the music) with care and some finesse. But he is much more a participant in the Salieri works (perhaps because of their Italian orientation) than in those of J.C. Bach. All the solo playing is excellent, and the recording is ideal for the material. For those who may be puzzled by the seeming familiarity of the 6/8 theme in the Sinfonia Concertante, it is the same as that utilized many years later by Haydn for the opening chorus of *The Seasons* (in the German text, *"Komm, holder Lenz . . ."*).
Beethoven: Symphony No. 6 in F. Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA stereo, LSC 3074, $5.98. Henry Lewis conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. London "Phase IV" stereo, SPC 21039, $5.98.	Leinsdorf's *Pastorale* is one of the best performances in his Beethoven sequence: thoroughly studied, meticulously articulated, unwavering in its pursuit of the logical plan that is enunciated from the outset. It is, also, tonally tense, tending, as the work progresses, to some coarseness of sound, especially in the scene of the peasants' merrymaking and the storm that follows. It might be contended that the horns in a peasant band might sound as brassy as Leinsdorf chooses to make the Boston Symphony's play, but this could be an instance of carrying realism to an extreme. In any case, it deals more with the science of the score than with its sentiment, and,	in this respect, leaves more than a little unexpressed. Lewis does a sound, well-balanced *Pastorale* profiting much from the excellent soloists of the Royal Philharmonic (woodwinds in particular), losing somewhat from the "Phase IV" technics (when a clarinet is plucked from its place of nonprominence in the ensemble and promoted to a trumpet-like identity). What is in rather less than satisfactory supply is the kind of conductorial authority that commands the attention, not only of the players but of the listener. Aside from an overprojection of some isolated details, the London sound is excellent.
Copland: Short Symphony; Dance Symphony. Aaron Copland conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Columbia stereo, MS 7223, $5.98.	Copland has become so proficient in the production of his own works that the results he now achieves in such a recording as this may be recognized as conveying the same degree of authority as those, say, of Stravinsky. This is not to say that an "interpreter" would agree that what Copland realizes is as much as the score contains (any more than most "interpreters" agree with Stravinsky's view of his own music), but the results possess a mighty authenticity nevertheless. What emerges from these remarkably clean, well-balanced performances by the English musicians (of works they must rarely have had the opportu-	nity to perform "live") is something both more transparent and lighter than might be considered the Copland texture. It is a good deal more French in its brightness and lack of vibrato, especially in the Dance Symphony (which, to this taste, remains the stronger of the two). Though previously recorded in its chamber music form (for clarinet, piano, and string quartet), the Short Symphony (dating from 1931-32) as originally written is new to discs. It is full of intimations—especially rhythmical—of full-formed Copland to come, but doesn't satisfy as a consecutive experience. Excellent reproduction.
Hindemith: *Symphonic Metamorphoses on Themes of Carl Maria von Weber.* **Janácek:** Sinfonietta. Claudio Abbado conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London stereo, CS 6620, $5.98.	For Janácek as for Hindemith, this enterprise strikes me as too much too soon for Abbado. Gifted he certainly is, and possessed of specific affinities for working with orchestral musicians; but not yet, in my view, abreast of the inner as well as outer values of these works. The Hindemith is, to a degree, served by the bright, jaunty treatment to which it is subjected by Abbado, but the Janácek is to a much larger degree ill-served	by that treatment. To my ear, Abbado sees the score in terms of the note patterns it contains, but there is, certainly, a rougher, grainier texture inherent in Janácek's peasant-based ideas than Abbado provides for them. What he achieves with the obedient London Symphony is precise, well controlled, and more than a little bland. Good sound. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Tape and the English Market

Every now and again, over the past fifteen years or so, I have outlined what was happening in Britain in connection with commercial tape recordings. So far, the tale has been a pretty dismal one, for, notwithstanding the widespread popularity of domestic tape recorders, public interest in commercial, prerecorded tapes never reached the point where it could be taken seriously by our major record companies, although EMI did make spasmodic attempts to get tape off the ground. This failure to establish tape as a serious competitor to discs is probably due to a variety of causes, but easily the most important is the economic factor.

It may be because of some basic national trait (Napoleon's "nation of shopkeepers"), or simply because we are less affluent. I suspect that record collectors over here tend to be more concerned with "value for money" than their transatlantic counterparts, and, so long as pre-recorded tapes cost two or three times as much as the identical recording in disc form, tape could not possibly establish a foothold in the marketplace. When Philips launched cassettes about two years ago, one felt disinclined to take them too seriously, since they seemed to be aimed largely at the teen-age pop market and were not unduly concerned with sound quality.

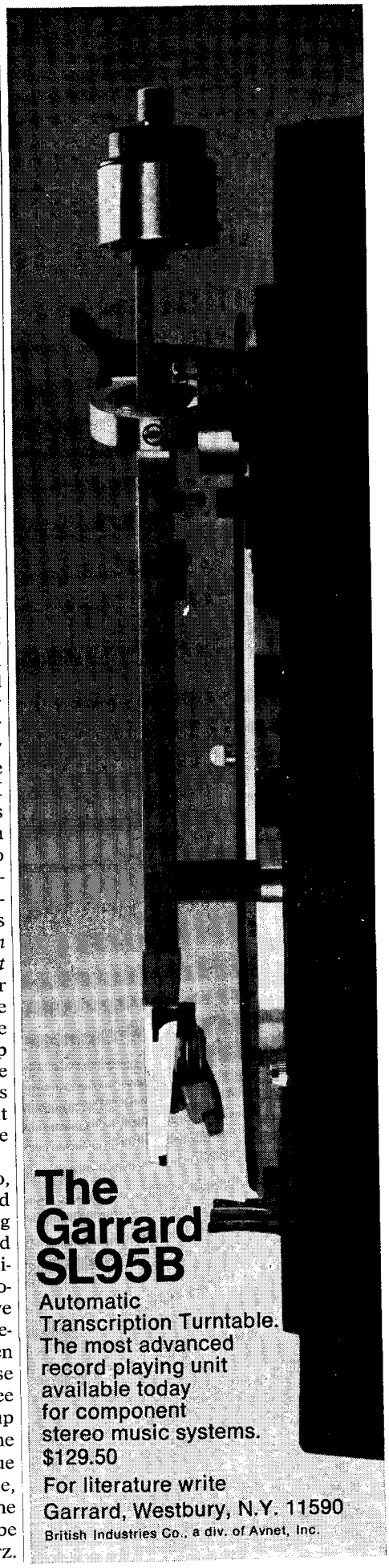
Indeed, last March, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought tape recorders and tapes into line with phonographs and discs as regards Purchase Tax (thereby rectifying an astonishing anomaly that had apparently escaped notice for well over a decade) many of us thought that this blow would effectively undermine tape prospects for many years to come. And yet, it now begins to look as though such an assessment may have been mistaken, and that the very act of putting tape on the same footing as discs has compelled record companies to face reality and to re-examine the facts as they are. As a result EMI has decided to launch for the first time really competitive stereo tapes. Philips and Polydor are stepping up classical issues among their stereo cassettes (rather less competitive in cost, but of course much easier for the layman to handle in daily use), and one even hears rumors that Decca may erelong decide to recognize the fact that tape actually exists outside the professional recording studio.

The EMI tapes, are of the conventional, four-track, 3¾-ips variety, and those I have so far sampled are generally of excellent quality. In most respects, the sound can more than hold its own with that of the equivalent discs, and background hiss, the one-time bane of pre-recorded tapes, appears to have been virtually eliminated (at any rate, there was more noise on most discs). But the striking fact about these tapes is undoubtedly their price: 47s/4d as against 43s/9d for the same recordings on disc—a difference of well under 10 per cent.

Aside from the EMI tapes, I was able to sample a batch of stereo musicassettes from Philips and DGG/Polydor. These still cost a good deal more than discs (55s/11d as against 43s/9d), and their sound continues to be afflicted by a degree of hiss, which I found mildly distracting; yet, if I had to put my money on either system as the more likely future competitor to discs, I would have to choose the cassette. Hiss apart, these recordings—among them Richter's superb coupling of the two Liszt concertos, Karajan's *Scheherazade*, and a Strauss miscellany (Johann & Co., not Richard), excerpts from Colin Davis's lively *Messiah* recording, and the delightful *Trout* Quintet led by Grumiaux and Haebler—astonished me by their excellence (who, only a few years ago, would have anticipated such smooth and crisp sound from tape running at a mere 1⅞ ips?), while for sheer compactness and ease of operation they represent recorded music in what is perhaps the most convenient form yet devised.

Of course, there are drawbacks, too, for both these types of tape tend to be a nuisance when one is dealing with a mixed collection or recital, and it is impossible, at present, to anticipate a time when tapes can be produced as cheaply as discs. But I have little doubt that, from now on, tape recordings will be taken seriously even on this side of the Atlantic, because our major record companies will see to it that a decent repertoire is built up without much further delay. At the bargain level, discs will still continue to reign unchallenged for a long time, but at the upper end of the scale the challenge of tape to disc seems to be approaching.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.



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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report
Brahms: Trio in E flat (Op. 40). Christoph Eschenbach, piano; Gerd Seifert, horn; and Eduard Drolc, violin. Trio in A minor (Op. 114). Karl Leister, clarinet; and Georg Donderer, cello; with Eschenbach, piano. DGG stereo, 139 398, $5.98.	In some circumstances, the key question about a performance of the Brahms Horn Trio concerns the abilities of the wind instrument player to cope with the exacting music for his unreliable companion. With the rock-solid Seifert (of the Berlin Philharmonic) as the performer here, much can be taken for granted. The real discovery is the capacities shown by Eschenbach in energizing this chamber music work as he has various concerti in which he has been heard, while preserving the sensitivity that made his performance of Schumann's *Kinderscenen* such a notable success. There have, indeed, been horn players of a more poetic disposition than Seifert, but with Drolc (of the excellent quartet bearing his name) complementing Eschenbach's feeling for nuance and detail, the totality is altogether Brahmsian. The deeply introspective A-minor Trio has never rated high among my favorite works of Brahms, and the present audition does not alter that situation. A more assertive clarinetist than Leister would be helpful, but the dour mood of the music remains its essential liability.
Larsson: Sonatine (Op. 16). **Stenhammar:** Three Fantasies (Op. 11). **Wirén:** *Ironical Miniatures* (Op. 19). **Rängström:** *Legends from the Lake Mälaren.* Staffan Scheja, piano. RCA stereo, LSC 3119, $5.98.	The intent of this album is beyond reproach: to bring to an international audience an awareness of a representative group of Swedish composers. Moreover, the choice of an interpreter could hardly be better, for Staffan Scheja is an enormously gifted native of Stockholm not yet twenty. He is not only armed with muscle and fluency, but with musicality, personality, and individuality that, together, give his playing a magnetism not often encountered. The shortcoming in the chain of effects is unfortunately in the music itself. Aside from the works of the relatively unkown Wirén and Rängström (and including certain aspects of theirs, too), it tends too much to local reflections of world-wide symbols—Ravel in Larsson's Sonatine, Scriabin in Stenhammar's Fantasies, Gershwin in the last of Wirén's *Miniatures*, etc. Moreover, when a local identity asserts itself, it is likely to be Grieg's or Sibelius's. Given the ability to tune out such likenesses, Scheja's exceptional appeal can make for a rewarding listening experience.
Schoenberg: Chamber Symphony (Op. 9); Variations. Zubin Mehta conducting. London stereo, CS 6612, $5.98.	Those who recall the Mehta-directed recording of *Verklärte Nacht* (in partnership with Scriabin's *Poem of Ecstasy*) will need no urging to investigate the qualities of this disc. For his performance of the Chamber Symphony, Mehta has selected sixteen principal players of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, and, clearly, devoted arduous effort to indoctrinating them in the complexities of Schoenberg's 1906 score. (By segments, they are: piccolo, Miles Zentner; flute, George Drexler; oboe, Bert Gassman; English horn, William Kosinski; clarinet in D, Merritt Buybaum; clarinet in A, Kalman Bloch; bass clarinet, Franklyn Stokes; bassoon, Frederick Moritz; contrabassoon, Fred Dutton; horns, Henry Sigismonti and Ralph Pyle; violins, David Frisina and Harold Dicterow; viola, Jan Hlinka; cello, Kurt Reher; and double bass, Richard F. Kelley.) Mehta's endeavor, clearly, is to get away from the idea of the Chamber Symphony as a "difficult" work, and, by means of shadings, contrasts, variety of speeds, etc., convert it into an "approachable" work. The endeavor is to be commended, and the results are frequently convincing. Sometimes the endeavor to make an "interpretative" point is frustrated by inexact articulation or speeding up a segment that demands its own time in which to be effective (Mehta's timing is 20:50 against Scherchen's 24:00). For my taste, the Variations are more clearly defined by Mehta than in the prior version by Robert Craft, and the recorded sound is also superior.
Schubert: "Die Bürgschaft." **Schumann:** "Die wandelnde Glocke," "Belsatzer," "Die beiden Grenadiere." **Wolf:** "Der Sänger," "Der Feuerreiter," and "Der Rattenfänger." Hermann Prey, baritone; with Konrad Richter, piano. London stereo, OS 26115, $5.98.	If there is going to be a competition in enterprise and excellence between baritones Hermann Prey and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, more power to both—the public can only be the beneficiary. To be sure, Fischer-Dieskau has a long lead in quality and quantity, but Prey's effort here is of an order that equalizes quality if not quantity. To my way of hearing, Prey is broadening the size and substance of the sound he commands, without sacrificing the familiarly ingratiating timbre. He may be questioned for undertaking such songs as "Belsatzer" and "Die beiden Grenadiere," which are matters for a larger voice; but he does remarkably well by "Der Feuerreiter" and "Der Rattenfänger," neither in the lightweight category. Side 1 is devoted to the lengthy ballads "Die Bürgschaft" and "Der Sänger," each an event in itself. Though there is no indication on the jacket, attentive listeners will discover they are in the presence of "live" performances from a cough midway through "Die Bürgschaft." Others will be startled into such a recognition by the applause after the performance. Another curiosity: there was no text sheet in the copy that came my way. Konrad Richter does very well in the difficult Schumann and Wolf backgrounds. The recording, live or otherwise, is excellent.
Scriabin: Preludes (Op. 11); *Fantaisie* (Op. 28); *Vers la flamme* (Op. 72). Five Last Preludes (Op. 74). Raymond Lewenthal, piano. Westminster mono, W 9361, $5.98.	Westminster was forehanded by more than a decade in the original issue of this disc, anticipating both the Scriabin boom and the Lewenthal prominence of 1969. That it remains a valid property today and demonstrably just to both Scriabin and Lewenthal is a measure of the judgment and skill that went into its making (the wise decision to let the original mono sound stand without tampering or "enhancement" is also testimony to its excellence). The twenty-four preludes have no contemporary counterpart, nor, in view of the thorough satisfactions in Lewenthal's effort, is there need for one. Measured against the greatest of Scriabin's demands (in *Vers la flamme*), Lewenthal shows the order of power and facility that has earned him international celebrity, with one difference. He now has a discipline he sometimes lacked then, which, in turn, gives him the confidence to go all out. In any case, thoroughly recommendable. —I. K.

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Mild Fun and Games with Video Tape

Ever since the first home video recorder (a $995 Sony, as I recall) came out, I've been high-mindedly not writing on the subject. Time enough for that, I felt, when video tape recorders (VTRs) came down to a practical $500 or so. But the new Roberts 1000 ($1,095) tempted me. For it combines a video tape recorder with a four-track stereo machine of reasonable capabilities—excuse enough to try one for an audio column.

The audio facilities of the Roberts are more or less on a par with stereo recorders in the $300-$400 range, which makes the Roberts competitive with the least expensive VTR available (a $675 Sony), especially since it uses less expensive tape.

As a stereo recorder, it operates at 3¾ or 7½ inches per second, with separate record and playback heads to permit off-the-tape monitoring as you record. By affixing a foil tab to the tape, you can make the recorder reverse at the tape's end, and play the tape's other pair of tracks automatically. Such automatic reversing is a great convenience, though sticking on the foil actuators is a nuisance.

There are separate controls for line and microphone inputs, so you can mix, say, recorded music with a voice narration. Conventionally enough, these handy controls are coaxially mounted, so you can turn both the left-channel or right-channel level controls at once, if you want to; it would seem more logical to gang the microphone controls on one shaft and the line input controls on another, so you could more easily shift balance between voice and music—but I know of no recorders made that way.

Other well thought-out audio features of the Roberts include a headphone outlet with its own volume control, a single DIN plug for all connections to a hi-fi system, and a very simple sound-on-sound control (you can get echo effects, too, with patch cords).

Appealing as all this might be, I never used the Roberts as an audio recorder—video was, at least potentially, a lot more fun to play with. And it was easy to use. I found that I could set up the recorder, thread the tape (about as difficult as threading an old movie projector), and connect the camera and monitor screens without referring once to the instruction book. Which is to say that although I'm a firm believer in instruction books, this is a fair test of a machine's simplicity and the logic of its design. Picture quality was fairly good, although there was occasionally a little bit of buzzing in the video sound track; there was never any question, however, which was the original and which the recording.

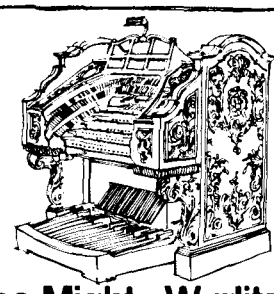
The 1000 is useless in itself, of course. To make an operable system from it, a TV set equipped to serve as a monitor must be added ($230 with a 12" screen, $300 in a 19" version), and a TV camera ($300). Both plug into a panel on the VTR, permitting you to record off the air, or to make your own video "home movies." In the latter case, there is the option of recording with an automatic level control that adjusts for different room light levels, or adjusting the level yourself, using one of the built-in meters. You can tape sound and picture together (in perfect synchronization, naturally) or add a new sound track after the picture has been shot.

And yet, for all of that, there isn't much that you can *do* with the Roberts (or with any of its competitors, either). You can't make good home movies, because the camera is tied down by its cable to the video recorder, and because the only way to see just what you're shooting is to turn from the camera and look at the monitor screen (the camera has no viewfinder). You can't tape TV programs that are on when you're not home, unless somebody else is home to turn the tape recorder on. You can't exchange programs with somebody else, unless he has the same make VTR as you do.

So about all home video tape is good for, now, is being an instant-playback medium for practice films. Try out your golf swing, your sales pitch, or your role in the school play, and within seconds you can see yourself and hear yourself in action, and correct mistakes while they're still fresh. And of course you can re-use the tape as often as you wish.

It's not surprising, then, that most video tape recorders are used in educational and training applications. As yet, the medium is suited to few homes. Next month, we'll see what's going to be done to change that—with some suggestions about video tape's potential contribution to home movies.

—Ivan Berger.



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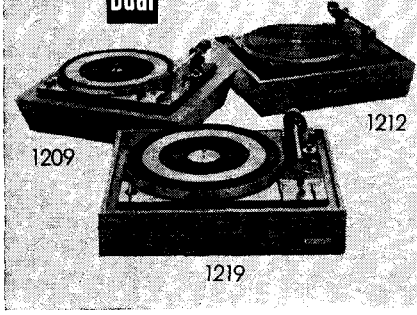

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"Silla" in Sound

Time has a matchless way of sifting and winnowing out the harvest of an epoch. A revival, on a rare occasion, may bring to light the beauties of a long-forgotten vintage masterpiece, but more often than not, oblivion has been earned and survival been equally unwarranted. Nearly two hundred years after his astounding output, time has settled Mozart's works into their various realms of importance. Operatically, the repertoire has become indispensable without *Don Giovanni, The Marriage of Figaro, The Magic Flute*—and more recently *Così fan tutte* and *The Abduction from the Seraglio.*

But what about the many others—*Il Re Pastore, Zaïde, La Clemenza di Tito, Idomeneo, La Finta Giardiniera,* or *Lucio Silla*? No one can dispute the musical attributes of each, just as one cannot fail to recognize the genius Mozart brought to nearly everything he touched—but their ability to hold the stage as operas is quite another matter. One by one, recordings have laid open the musical treasures that lie within most of these works, and the Mozartian vista is currently being enhanced by the first recording of the youthful *Lucio Silla,* K. 135 (Victrola stereo, VICS-6117, $8.98).

Written in 1772 as he approached his seventeenth birthday, *Lucio Silla* is Mozart's seventh stage work and second *opera seria,* foreshadowing his two great monuments to that style, *Idomeneo* and *La Clemenza di Tito.* After its premiere in Milan on December 26 of that year, it had some twenty performances there but was never produced elsewhere at the time. Except for a 1929 revival in Prague, it has gathered dust on the shelves in this century, emerging only in Dresden (1951), Salzburg (1964), London (1967), and Baltimore (American premiere by the Chamber Opera Society in 1968), followed by the Manhattan School of Music's stage performances later that year. A concert version in Milan in 1962 (presumably recorded for RAI radio broadcast) has been available in Europe via Harmonia Mundi, and it is this version, ably conducted by Carlo Felice Cillario, that is now under the domestic Victrola aegis.

Since Giovanni di Gamerra's libretto is a stock piece of period formality, with action and character motivation kept to a stiff minimum, the staging of *Lucio Silla* is a near impossibility. Mozart, even though in his teens, must have realized that what was needed was music of great beauty, complexity, and virtuosity to overcome a libretto about a senator (Cecilio), who has been banished by the dictator (Lucio Silla), who in turn woos the former's wife (Giunia). Cecilio returns, attempts to kill Silla, is imprisoned, and inexplicably is pardoned by the end of Act III. With a recording, one can settle back and appreciate Mozart the consummate musician, if not Mozart the matured dramatic composer.

Unfortunately, this Italian-originated version is not exactly a portable feast of great singing. It is only the golden-voiced mezzo Fiorenza Cossotto, in the castrato role of Cecilio, who emerges with anything like the heroic virtuosity, tonal variety, and vocal eloquence that Mozart demanded from his singers. Those with the sound of Cossotto the Verdian "heavy" (as she has more recently become) in their ears will have a surprise: Her singing is light, young, and flexible, capable of ranging from the high, sustained phrases to the deep, contralto register ("Il tenero momento"), excitement and vocal thrust ("Quest' improvviso"), and depth of feeling ("Ah, se a morir").

Fiorenza Cossotto — "shining accomplishment."

In comparison with Miss Cossotto's shining accomplishment, the remainder of the cast dwells on a far less exalted plane. The opera's most fully realized character is the tortured wife Giunia, who has been given arias of rare brilliance, impossible virtuosity, and powerful emotion—an early taste of Donnas Anna and Elvira, Constanza, Fiordiligi, and the Queen of the Night. Dora Gatta, who undertakes this challenge, finds the task far beyond her limited capabilities: The voice turns shrill, the coloratura cackly, and the general impression unpleasant. Rena Gary Falachi's light soprano becomes unsteady and reedy as Celia, but Anna Maria Rota brings a nice timbre and feeling for the music of Cinna, despite some squally coloratura singing. The men, too, prove that Italy is not a storehouse of Mozartian style and refinement. Both Ferrando Ferrari (Lucio Silla) and Luigi Pontiggia (Aufidio) lack tenor ease and flexibility.

The Angelicum Chamber Orchestra and Polyphonic Chorus of Milan, led with rhythmic drive by Cillario, offer a lively performance, responsive to all the moods of the score. The sound (perhaps because it was taken from a "live" RAI broadcast) is on the hazy side, occasionally echoic, and wanting in full dynamic range.

—Robert Jacobson.

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A Decade of Pop Completed

by ELLEN SANDER

The year 1969 brought a feeling of culmination to pop and all it embraces. It was a year topping off a decade of superstars, super groups, super albums, super events, and super sales; a year rushing headlong to highlight and confirm pop's growth; a year to tie the ends together. Pop has transcended itself in every way, completing a super decade for youth culture.

It was the thin, often crossed line between competition and cooperation that made pop happen so monumentally in the Sixties. There was no mastermind behind the burgeoning of pop culture, though there have been many mighty movers. It happened as much because there was a need for it, as because it had so much to offer.

An urban folk revival took hold in the early Sixties, from which sprang minstrels, poets, and a bard. Music, popular music, bred a social conscience with a literature worth reading. The folk revival's stars were homespun songsmiths, with an affinity for the civil rights movement brewing in the nation. Pete Seeger noted at the time that music was creating a sense of hope. Greenwich Village was alive with talent, with places for it to gather, to be heard, and to grow.

The Beatles came to the United States for the first time in early 1964, shortly after we lost John F. Kennedy. In 1965 came the magic of folk rock (a combination of Dylan's lyrical dominance, the Beatles' instrumental approach, and California dreams of vocal harmonizing) when the rock 'n' roll of the Byrds and the Lovin' Spoonful, among many significant others, challenged the English invasion. In 1966 the San Francisco scene was getting together with rock ballrooms, rock music in the park on Sundays, and a genuine community spirit that sprang directly from the music. It flashed on a national level for the first time in the summer of 1967, the summer of love, the summer of the Monterey Pop Festival, a legendary harbinger of future celebrations of pop.

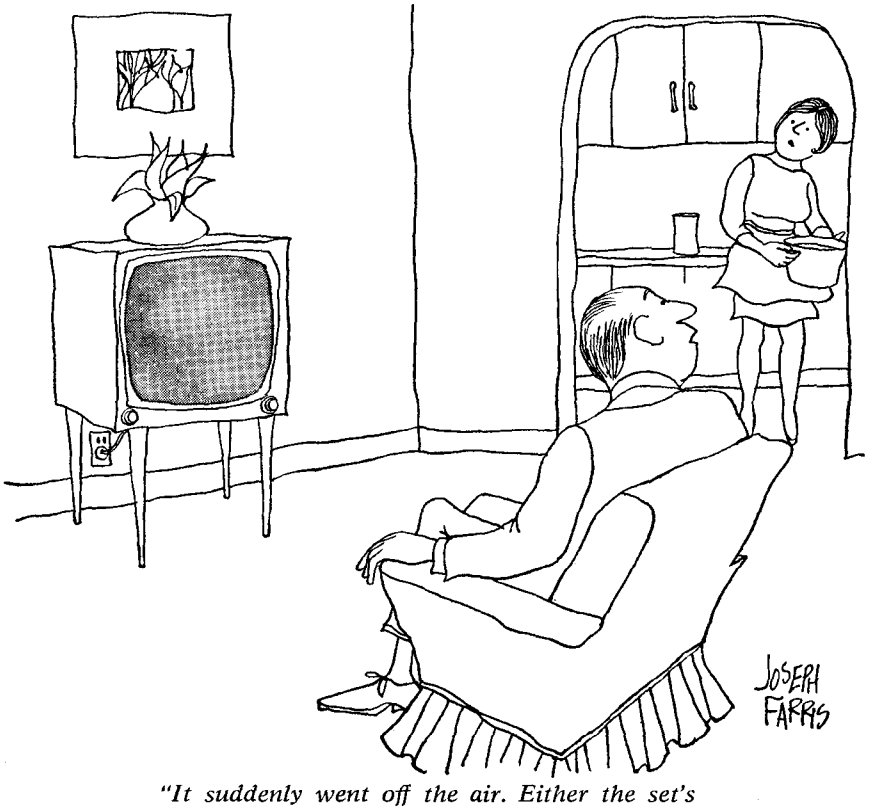
A counterculture was officially born, a new chance was indicated, an alternative life-style for any and all who wanted to reject out of hand the systems and shortcomings of the Establishment.

The preceding year, 1968, had been the year of Chicago and political disillusionment beyond repair. It had been a dull, gasping year for pop, a brutal year for any sensitive American. It came and went in the doldrums of despair.

And then 1969 burst forth with a new, tougher beauty, tinged with paranoia, but bursting with hope. It will be remembered for the Woodstock Music and Art Fair, the show that outdid itself in musical pageantry, in attendance, in the behavior of the audience/participants. Woodstock has become more than a remembered festival, it is a rallying cry, a standard to which to aspire, a happening that eclipsed everything preceding it. A film of the event, now in final preparatory stages, will be released by Easter 1970. From the footage I have seen, it should be monumental.

Shortly after Woodstock, The Rolling Stones' tour took the pop scene on a raging trip, the wildest ride of the year. And in consciously trying to overreach what had gone before them, The Stones, unfortunately, were responsible for the bummer of the year. A free concert in Livermore, California, on the 100-acre grounds of a speedway, turned into a disastrous melee of violence and bad vibrations. The Stones and their tour staff had designated the Hell's Angels, a roving motorcycle band that has menaced California for years, to be the official security. The Angels took command of the stage area and terrorized the audience. Members of the first fifty rows and those who sneaked beyond the roped-off backstage area were beaten, brutalized, unwittingly drugged with spiked wine, and at least one spectator, a black boy, was murdered, stabbed onstage by one of the Angels. It was all the more tragic because it was an internal disaster. It might well serve as a sign that the culture doesn't yet know how to take care of itself completely.

Looking back over the year, it is impossible to choose an album of the year, much less the decade. The first Crosby, Stills, and Nash album was a soothing contrast to the freakishness of the rock that preceded it; with its melodic finesse and immaculate instrumental work it heralded a softer, more emotional, more human approach to musical communication. *Abbey Road*, the Beatles' contribution to 1969, was full of growth, creativity, and ideas, contrasting both hard and soft rock stylings and a powerful harmonic glow reminiscent of "Hey, Jude," their finest moment of 1968. On the other hand, the Who's *Tommy* was the epic of the decade, rivaling *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* from the Beatles in 1967. *Tommy* was a self-



"It suddenly went off the air. Either the set's broken or Walter Cronkite's in trouble."

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styled rock-opera with a protagonist and story line touching both the mystic and the real rude human tragedy.

The Band came through with a second album, wonderfully wholesome and ribald, the salt of the earth. It tuned right into the growing concern with ecology and getting back to the country. The Rolling Stones' current release, *Let It Bleed*, fulfilled the promise of *Beggar's Banquet*, 1968's LP of the year. The Jefferson Airplane created a consummate album, *Volunteers*, which somehow puts the longings and triumphs of the decade next to each other and proclaims that "we can be together." Listening to those albums reminds me how scared I am sometimes. I can't help but think that it may save us to remember that.

Has there been a song for the Sixties? Was it Dylan's "Blowin' in the Wind," the Beatles' "Within You, Without You," or "Hey, Jude"? Was it David Crosby's "Long Time Comin' " or Dino Valente's "Get Together," the Stones' "Street Fighting Man," or John and Yoko's "Give Peace a Chance"? Possibly all of these, certainly more. There are affirmations and contradictions among them; there is hope, and there is bitter desolation. Somewhere in there is a very loud cry for help, the awesome realization that there is none. We inherit the earth with its problems; the solutions are up to us, and we haven't even started.

The Seventies bring us to a plateau, a position of validity to work from. Pop turns out to be the equal and opposite reaction to all that preceded it, and this decade has been a source of wonderment for all who have been through it. All that has been put into pop culminated in 1969, and there is much to show for it, more than anyone believed possible. It has demonstrated, for those whose lives have been immersed in it, a genuine feeling of contact with one another, a community of aspiration. It has also demonstrated that the time for immersion in ourselves is coming to an end. Pop is being assimilated, from the superficial levels of clothing, hairstyles, and jargon, to a more meaningful mental, sexual, and social liberation; it has interjected a new sensitivity into the way we deal with problems, personal and global, that for better or worse are part of our collective, intimate life.

Pop is an aspect of the Sixties that has made me happy, made me sad, made me frightened, and made me more aware. It has also made me a little safer going into the Seventies knowing much less than I thought I did, but feeling so much more.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 27: fowl, wolf, flow.

Letters to the Recordings Editor

The "Stones" Pro

BRAVO! Ellen Sander in "The Stones Keep Rolling" [*SR*, Nov. 29] for her magnificent tribute to the superlative Rolling Stones! She has said it all. It made having missed seeing them on their current tour almost (but not quite) bearable. Mick Jagger on the cover was just too much. I had to buy an extra copy for my daughter.

MARY E. NIGHT,
East Rochester, N.Y.

The "Stones" Con

IT SEEMS that *SR* has become so fascinated by the mere financial implications of these young rock "artists" that it has lost not only its sense of values but all sense of proportion.

I am disturbed and dismayed by the way *SR* continues to glorify these untalented, voiceless, obscene, young upstarts. Their only noteworthy talent is their undoubted physical energy as they prance about the stage like so many hysterical fleas.

I have always had respect for the integrity and purpose of *SR*. But I am afraid I shall never again feel quite the same about the magazine.

FELIX DE COLA,
Hollywood, Calif.

More Herrmann, Please

READER Stephen Hillyer [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, Oct. 25] wrote in praise of Bernard Herrmann's film scores and their issue on LPs. I must also add my "bravos" and take this opportunity to mention other Herrmann works that might be re-recorded.

If I am not mistaken, he scored *The Lodger* and *Hangover Square*, two mid-Forties films starring the late Laird Cregar. The concerto from *Square* was a powerful piece, as were the incidental mood sections.

Not many will recall the unique contribution Herrmann made to an early 1950s radio series called *Crime Classics*, produced, I believe, by Elliot Lewis, with scripts by Morton Fine and David Friedkin. Each week Herrmann employed either five flutes, five French horns, five cellos, or five harps. As a composer and long-time Herrmann fan, I would be interested in obtaining recordings of this beautiful work and, if possible, dubs from the *Crime Classics* series itself.

ERNEST HOOD,
West Linn, Ore.

One for Souzay

RE: The review of the recent Gérard Souzay recital by Irving Kolodin [MUSIC TO MY EARS, Nov. 22]. "Here was the finesse of all finesses, an encore ending with a *pianissimo* that kept those who could appreciate it marveling silently through the intermission." And it can be presumed that those who failed to marvel knew not what they failed to hear. How disadvantaged!

The communicative art Mr. Kolodin commends—one of Souzay's mentors, Pierre Bernac, has termed it "presence" suggesting oneness of singer and sound—is too subtle for the ears of the majority, numbed, as they have been, by big, loud, high, and fast, the obvious characteristics of vocalism that today prevail almost to the exclusion of the more artful.

Moreover, the paucity of capable recitalists will increase, I fear, in view of the inordinate emphasis placed on opera at most centers of musical learning. Young vocalists, once addicted to grease paint, an opiate readily accessible near opera workshops, seldom acquire a taste for the vocal and musical discipline requisite to Souzay's kind of artistry. Consequently, the recitalist's art, now rare, may be forced into total oblivion by the lack of practitioners and a diminishing number of cognizant auditors.

JOHN TOMS,
Associate Professor of Voice,
University of Tulsa,
Tulsa, Okla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Souzay, of course, has sung opera himself and survived its pitfalls. Others can if they try.*

Brahms and Rubbra

I FEEL I must take issue with Irving Kolodin's capsule review [RECORDINGS REPORTS I, Nov. 29] of Columbia MS 7298, Brahms's Variations on a Theme by Handel, in the orchestration by Edmund Rubbra. After listening to this work a number of times, with the piano score in hand, I continue to be impressed by the very qualities that Mr. Kolodin denies—its clarity, its "suave and finely stranded" texture, and the appropriateness of Rubbra's ingenious and thoroughly calculated application of orchestral devices.

A critic of Kolodin's stature should not fall into such easy fallacies as the comparison he draws between the Rubbra realization and his *private recollection* of the past performances of the piano score by Hess, Solomon, and others. Even the more tenable comparison with Brahms's own orchestration in the Variations on a Theme by Haydn does Rubbra an injustice by failing to evaluate his highly professional work *on its own terms*. In other words, I do not think Rubbra was consciously attempting a stylistic exercise in Brahmsian orchestral technique.

RUDY SHACKELFORD,
University of Illinois,
Champaign, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The "recollections" relate to the realization of Brahms's intent that, in the view of the reviewer, was not fulfilled by Rubbra.*

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Phoenix Nest

Continued from page 41

tin for all of Italy: weather was slowly improving in the north, in central Italy, and on Sardinia. The south was getting *maltempo*, bad weather, the temperature was diminishing. The seas were agitated. Ettore and Marco, Rocco and Tony would have to put away their frilly white shirts and cover up.

—JOHN FERRIS.

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(Continued on page 62)

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(Continued on page 64)

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(Continued from page 63)

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By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Pixilated; dizzy.	4 15 38 35 96
B. Sealed vessel used to hold hypodermic solution.	111 18 117 118 16 143 157
C. Courses, highways.	164 49 63 72 79 167
D. "The Scottish Geneva."	85 142 126 147 93 160
E. Made insensitive.	181 44 51 110 122 127
F. Fervor.	136 161 170 173 48 75 88 95 145 23
G. He married Pocahontas.	30 61 112 36 42
H. Dirge.	56 68 101 106 130 141 149 166
I. Gorillas, torpedos, strong-arm men.	168 62 69 87 90
J. Annoy extremely.	97 176 6 9 134 139 64 13 27 46
K. Courts, gardens.	151 153 33 115 135
L. Second-rate, jerkwater (comp.)	144 21 29 41 76 104 155 175
M. Mastery; advantage; controlling position (2 wds.)	169 172 177 3 37 54 125 65 150
N. Comedy by Webster and Dekker (2 wds.)	53 77 124 159 28 67 137 154 183 2 91 100
O. "I will roar you as——— as any sucking dove," says Bottom ("Midsummer-Night's Dream").	107 114 59 81 165 19
P. Inability; futility; complete nonsense.	34 70 14 74 128 180 113 11 57 140
Q. Lot's firstborn daughter's son (Gen. 19:37).	82 129 179 43
R. Authoritative order or command.	39 47 78 158 10 98 182
S. Confidant.	102 84 120 152 92 20 1 5
T. "Drunk and resisting the ———" (Kipling, "Cells").	123 116 55 45 162
U. Bladder wrack, for instance.	138 103 131 156 94 8 83 12
V. Morbid.	171 119 73 66 26 178 17 99 24
W. King of Pylos in the *Iliad and the Odyssey.*	89 71 31 32 108 133
X. "You do measure——— our livers with the bitterness of your galls," says Falstaff, (3 wds.; "Henry IV, Part II.")	146 121 86 105 163 52 40 132 25
Y. Fixed in direction; loyal.	7 109 174 148 22 50 58 80 60

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. It read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

			1 S	2 N	3 M		4 A	5 S	6 J	7 Y	8 U		9 J	10 R	11 P	12 U	
13 J	14 P	15 A	16 B	17 V		18 B	19 O		20 S	21 L	22 Y		23 F	24 V		25 X	26 V
27 J	28 N	29 L	30 G	31 W		32 W	33 K	34 P	35 A		36 G	37 M	38 A	39 R		40 X	41 L
42 G		43 Q	44 E	45 T	46 J	47 R	48 F		49 C	50 Y		51 E	52 X	53 N	54 M	55 T	56 H
57 P	58 Y	59 O		60 Y	61 G		62 I	63 C	64 J		65 M	66 V	67 N		68 H	69 I	70 P
71 W		72 C	73 V	74 P		75 F	76 L	77 N	78 R	79 C	80 Y	81 O		82 Q	83 U	84 S	85 D
86 X	87 I		88 F	89 W		90 I	91 N	92 S	93 D		94 U	95 F	96 A		97 J	98 R	99 V
100 N	101 H		102 S		103 U	104 L		105 X	106 H		107 O	108 W	109 Y		110 E	111 B	112 Q
113 P	114 O	115 K		116 T	117 B		118 B	119 V		120 S	121 X	122 E		123 T	124 N	125 M	126 D
127 E		128 P	129 Q	130 H	131 U	132 X	133 W	134 J	135 K	136 F		137 N	138 U	139 J		140 P	141 H
142 D		143 B	144 L	145 F	146 X		147 D	148 Y	149 H	150 M	151 K		152 S		153 K	154 N	155 L
156 U	157 B	158 R		159 N	160 D	161 F	162 T	163 X	164 C	165 O	166 H		167 C	168 I	169 M	170 F	
171 V	172 M		173 F	174 Y		175 L	176 J	177 M	178 V	179 Q	180 P	181 E	182 R	183 N			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 5 of this issue.

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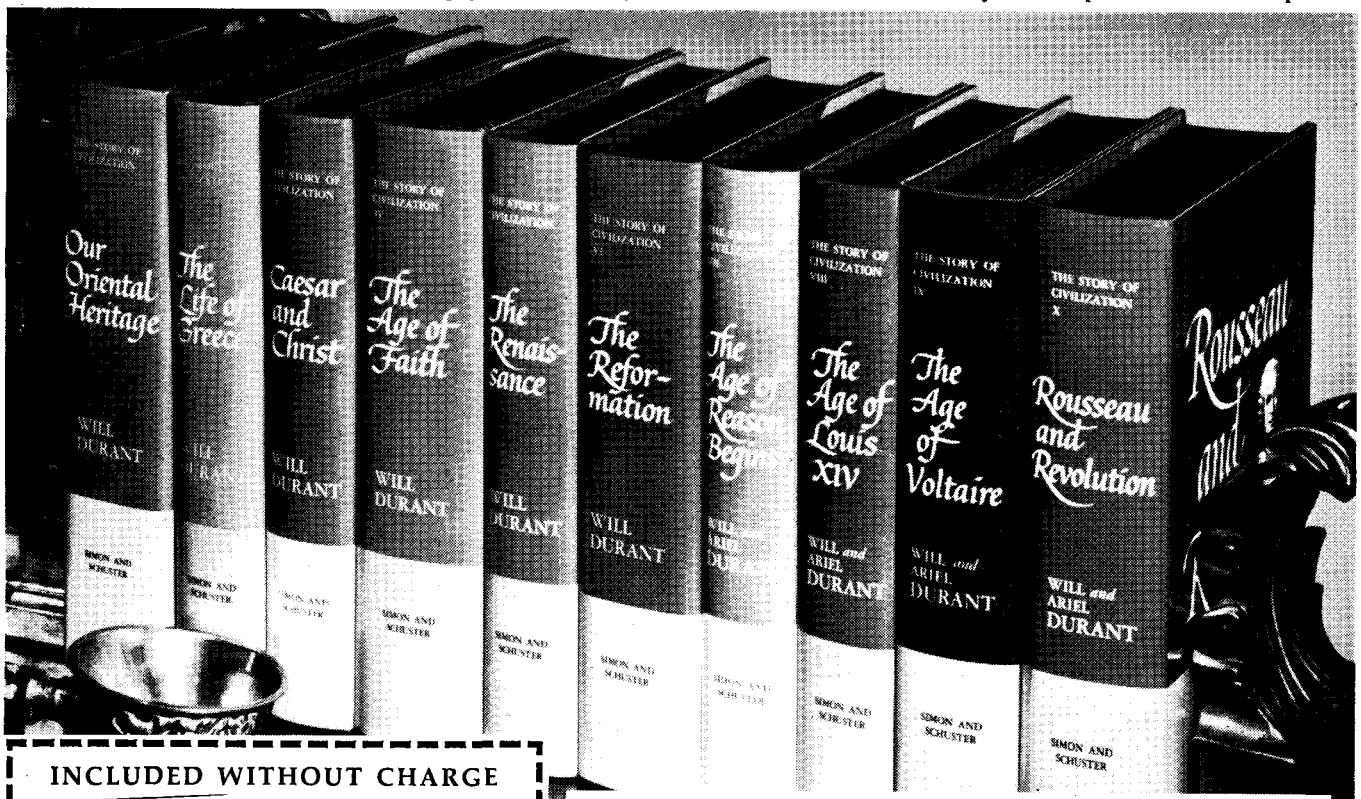

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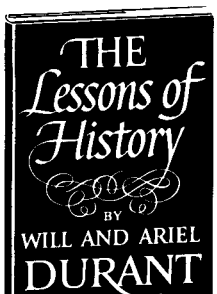

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